

# AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOL. XX. No. 8  
WHOLE No. 502}

NOVEMBER 30, 1918

{ PRICE, 10 CENTS  
\$3.00 A YEAR

## Chronicle

**The War.**—Despite earlier reports to the contrary the Allied armies of occupation did not reach German territory November 19. During the week they pressed forward towards Germany slowly and *Nov. 18, p.m. Nov.* without serious obstacles in the north

25, a.m. where General Plumer's Second army and General Rawlinson's Fourth army reached in the beginning of the week the approximate line of Oexfontaine, Pry, Piéton, La Louvère, Soignies, Enghien and south of Ninove, about fifteen miles west of Brussels. The French reached Carignan on their left, Gravelotte in Lorraine, the outer forts to the south of Metz, and in Alsace came up to Donon and Schirmeck. Further south they pushed on to Colmar, and still further on to Cernay and Altkirch, General Hirschauer's Second army entering Mulhouse. Almost at the same time the American Third army under General Dickman held Montmédy. Swinging forward again the British armies in Belgium reached the general line of Florennes, Charleroi, Seneffe and Hal, the Americans shortly after passing Virton which lies across the Belgian border, thence reaching Longwy, Audun-le-Roman and Briey only a short distance from the Luxembourg and the Lorraine border. On November 19 General Pétain, who on that date was made Marshal of France, made his solemn entrance into Metz at the head of the troops of the Tenth French army, commanded in the absence of General Mangin, by General Leconte. The old city of Lorraine had been for forty-seven years under the power of Germany. On the same day in the north the King and the Queen of the Belgians made their triumphal entrance into Antwerp to the pealing of the bells and the cheers of the massed and enthusiastic crowds.

On November 20 some of the American troops occupied Arlon in Belgium close to the Luxembourg border, went southward into Fontoy and Vitry in Lorraine, while another division swung northward from Metz, crossed into Luxembourg and entered the mining town of Esch. Everywhere our men were enthusiastically welcomed. On the same day the French moving on their left beyond Givet pushed their advance posts on the line of Wancennes, Frometres and Massoudre. To the east they occupied Etalle and Neufchâteau; in Lorraine they reached Saarbrücken and in Alsace Obernay south-

west of Strassburg, and, on the left bank of the Rhine, Neuf Brisach and Huningen. While on November 21 the American Third army was crossing Luxembourg reaching the general line of Gandringen-Wollmeringen-Mondercanger-Autelbas-Grendel, the English were riding close to the field of Waterloo, pushing on their right toward the Meuse south of Namur and on their left to the general line of Gembloux-Wavre. They then occupied Namur, reached the line of the Ourthe and approached Andenne and Ambresin.

On November 22 King Albert of Belgium and Queen Elizabeth together with the royal children made their solemn entrance into Brussels, their old capital, amid the enthusiasm of the cheering throngs. American troops headed the historic pageant which took place on the return of the exiled monarchs. The day previous with General Pershing at her side Grand Duchess Adelaide of Luxembourg from the balcony of her palace watched the American troops march into her capital. By the night of November 21 the American army of occupation controlled every road and city in the Duchy, its main lines running along the Sauer and Moselle rivers. Along the Moselle river near the northern part of their lines our troops could look down across the narrow stream on German territory. Official French dispatches of November 23 announced that in Alsace French advanced guards reached the former frontier and took possession of Woerth, Froeschwiller and Reischoffen. On November 24 American Signal Corps units and ambulance workers crossed into Rhenish Prussia, the British reached German territory north of Luxembourg, and French advance guard entered Strassburg.

In accordance with the terms of the armistice twenty German submarines were surrendered to Rear Admiral Reginald W. Tyrwhitt thirty miles off Harwich on the *Germany Surrenders* east coast of England on November 20. These were the first U-boats *Her Ships* to be handed over to the Allies by Germany. The English Admiral received the surrender of the German boats on board his flagship, the Curacao. The submarines proceeded to Harwich in charge of German crews and were then boarded by the British and proceeded to Parkston Quay. Nineteen additional sub-

marines were surrendered on November 21, twenty more the following day, and twenty-eight on November 24; the remainder will be handed over to the Allies later on.

On November 21 the German High Seas Fleet, consisting of nine battleships, five battle cruisers, seven light cruisers and fifty destroyers was also given over to the Allies. One of the German destroyers to be surrendered struck a mine on the trip across the North Sea and sank. On November 21 the British Admiralty made the following official announcement: "The Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet has reported that at 9:30 o'clock this morning he met the first and main instalment of the German High Seas Fleet which is surrendering for internment." The British Grand Fleet, accompanied by an American squadron in command of Admiral Hugh Rodman and by French cruisers, met the German ships between thirty and forty miles east of May Island, opposite the Firth of Forth. The fleet which witnessed the surrender consisted of about 400 ships, including sixty dreadnaughts. Admiral Sir David Beatty was in command of the Grand Fleet.

General Pershing reported that the total casualties in the American Expeditionary Forces are 236,117. These are divided as follows: Killed or died of wounds, 36,154;

*Casualties in the War* died of disease, 14,811; deaths unclassified, 2,204; wounded, 179,625; prisoners, 2,163; missing, 1,160. On

November 19 James Ian Macpherson, Parliamentary Secretary for the War Office, announced in the House of Commons that the total of British losses on all fronts, including killed, wounded and missing, amounted to 3,049,991. The killed amounted to 658,665, the wounded showed the aggregate number of 2,032,122, the prisoners and missing 59,145. The figures include troops from India and the Dominions. German casualties are reported to be on all fronts: Killed, 1,580,000; wounded, 4,000,000; missing, 650,000; a total of 6,330,000. No official figures are available upon which to compute all the losses of the other belligerents.

Last week it was hinted that the President might go to Europe to take part in at least the preliminaries of the Peace Congress. All doubts as to the matter were set aside by the following official an-

*The President to Go to Europe* nouncement issued early this week through the Committee on Public Information:

The President expects to sail for France immediately after the opening of the regular session of Congress, for the purpose of taking part in the discussion and settlement of the main features of the treaty of peace. It is not likely that it will be possible for him to remain throughout the sessions of the formal peace conference, but his presence at the outset is necessary in order to obviate the manifest disadvantages of discussion by cable in determining the greater outlines of the final treaty, about which he must necessarily be consulted. He will, of course, be accompanied by delegates who will sit as the representatives of the United States throughout the conference. The names of the delegates will be presently announced.

As to the wisdom of the President's decision there is a

division of opinion in the press of the country. A majority, however, of the leading papers seems to consider it a mistake, one of the strongest objections against it being the imperative need of the President at home to attend to the momentous questions which must come up during the peace conference itself and the period of reconstruction. On this point the New York *World* believes that the President is making a mistake "in deciding finally to remove himself so far from the seat of government he is charged with administering in a still critical or crowded time, for purposes which can better be served where he is." The New York *Tribune* believes also that Mr. Wilson "is making a grave mistake. Whatever formal invitations have been sent by the leaders of the Allied peoples, they could not speak for the traditions or the facts of our governmental system." The New York *Evening Mail* speaks of the President's "regrettable decision." The Providence *Journal* calls the step a "grave error of judgment." The Los Angeles *Times* says: "President Wilson would depart from all diplomatic precedent, both in leaving this country during his term of office and attending as a principal a conference where every other nation will be represented by diplomats only, but if he can aid in framing a peace treaty which will put an end to fighting among peoples, without surrendering national integrity and involving our country in entangling economic alliances, he will perform a service that is worth more than all the precedents of history." The Boston *Globe* thinks that "the President's decision to go to the peace conference is as much necessity as choice. He cannot divest himself of his authority. He cannot well delegate it. The Prime Ministers of the Allied nations will be there. America elects her Prime Minister and calls him President. It is fitting that he should be there." The New York *Evening Post* speeds the President to his task "as spokesman of a puissant nation that entered the world war solely for the sake of human liberty and with wishes to see the treaty ending it pillared on justice and enduring right."

As far back as November 2 a significant proclamation was signed by President Wilson and published on November 19 in the *Official Bulletin* issued by the Committee on Public Information. The proclamation, after stating that under the authority given him by the joint resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives, July 16, 1918, the President may for the purposes of national defense when necessary, "supervise or take possession and take control of any telegraph, telephone, marine cable, or radio system or systems," provided that the constitutional rights of individual and State be not impaired. Acting under the authority of the resolution the President in the proclamation states that he takes possession of and assumes control and supervision of each and every marine cable system and every part thereof owned or controlled and operated by any company or companies organized under the laws of the United States or any

State thereof. The Government control shall last until the President has declared the exchange of ratifications of the treaty of peace.

The measure, the practical details and organization of which are put into the hands of Postmaster General Burleson, is looked upon as a step nearer to permanent Government control and as a means of restricting freedom of communication and of speech. Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, President of the Postal Telegraph Company and the Commercial Cable Company maintains that the measure is unconstitutional and shows unfair discrimination.

On November 21 President Wilson signed the Emergency Appropriation bill with its rider providing for National Prohibition after June 30 next, until the American army is demobilized. The Pro-

cultural Appropriation amendment caused a long fight in the Senate. Unless the Presidential proclamation under the Food Control act is rescinded, Prohibition for the brewing of beer must stop on December 1. The manufacture of whisky was stopped soon after the country declared war. Under the amendment the manufacture of wine will cease next May 1, and should brewing of beer be allowed after December 1, it would stop May 1 under the new legislation. After next June 30, no intoxicating liquors may be sold in this country for beverage purposes, except for export, until the President states that demobilization is complete. The measure also prohibits the importation of intoxicating liquors for the same period.

On November 22 Mr. William Gibbs McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury and Director General of Railroads and commonly looked upon as one of the Presidential

*Resignation of Secretary McAdoo* candidates for 1920, resigned his office and returned to private business.

The President accepted the resignation and in the letter which he addressed to Mr. McAdoo paid a sincere tribute to his ability and spoke in the highest terms of the "distinguished, disinterested and altogether admirable service" rendered by the retiring official both as Secretary of the Treasury and as Director General of Railroads. Mr. McAdoo will give up the Treasury portfolio as soon as his successor has been selected. He wished to resign his post of Director General of Railroads on January 1, but will remain until the President has chosen his successor. The reason given by Mr. McAdoo for his act is his desire to get back to private life for the sake of his family and to retrieve his personal fortune. Mr. McAdoo's activities were manifold. He was Secretary of the Treasury, Director General of Railroads, Member of the Federal Reserve Board, Member of the Farm Loan Board, Director of the International High Commission, Head of the War Risk Insurance Bureau (Marine), Head of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Insurance Bureau, Member of the War Cabinet (as well as of the ordinary Cabinet), Head of the Capital Issues Committee, Manager of the Liberty Loan drives and Promoter of the Thrift drive.

**Austria.**—But little disorder exists in the German-Austrian Republic, which will probably unite itself with Germany. Foreign Minister Bauer strongly voiced this

*Order Established in Vienna* sentiment in a note addressed to President Wilson. The aspirations of

the Germans in Austria towards a union with Germany coincide, he said, with the President's own principles on which rests the right of the Poles, of the Italians and the Jugo-Slavs to unite with mother-lands outside of the former Austria-Hungary. Equal franchise has been granted to women in the new Republic and all the formalities of the old Government have been abolished. A national army militia has been formed, the soldiers wearing the red, white and red, although in each municipal district a guard still exists wearing the Socialist red brassards. Hundreds of arrests, however, have been made of persons accused of conspiring to proclaim a Bolshevik government.

The formal proclamation of the new Hungarian Republic took place on November 17. Archduke Joseph took the oath of allegiance to the new Government and declared himself greatly in sympathy with it. The fact that little news comes to us from Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavonia is a good sign. The main center of disturbance is at present Galicia, where Ukrainians and Poles are fighting for supremacy. Many battles may still be fought between the various races of Middle Europe before the boundaries of the new States are decided, unless the growing differences will be amicably settled by arbitration or at the peace table.

**Germany.**—Conditions in Germany are becoming more chaotic and the Bolshevik element, known as the Spartacus group, are seeking to delay the National Convention

*Bolshevism Spreading in Germany* until their own radical measures can be carried into effect. They have usurped the power of the local authorities at Kiel and at Düsseldorf, but were repelled at Hamburg. The more moderate Socialists in power at Berlin have been forced to yield many points to the red extremists. The dissensions between the People's Commissioners and the Executive Committee of the Soldiers' and Workmen's Council are said to be largely due to the Spartacus group, which sought to seize the Berlin Police Presidency. The moderate body of the citizens is anxious to hasten the calling of a national assembly to erect a stable government. Protests have come even from many Soldiers' and Workmen's Councils in Württemberg and Baden asking for immediate elections and denouncing any delay as a catastrophe to the nation, which is in no way represented by the Bolshevik element. The same demands are made by the new "bourgeois Democratic parties." It is thought quite certain that the returning soldiers will not submit to be ruled by the Spartacus group. In the lower Rhenish province the latter have carried their program by a large majority. In Baden, however, the situation is more hopeful and practically the

entire population demands the immediate summoning of a national assembly. The new Cabinet of Baden consists of seven Socialists, two Centrists, one National Liberal and one Progressive. The members of the Bolshevik group are there known as Communists. At a great meeting held by them the chief speaker called for the repudiation of the war loans and a six-hour labor day. Perhaps, he said, a three-hour day might be introduced. The Bremen Soldiers' and Workmen's Council declared itself in complete accord with Bolshevism. The Spartacus group in Berlin, which acclaimed Dr. Karl Liebknecht, issued an appeal to the workers to emulate the Russian Bolsheviks.

The separatist movement is growing stronger in Bavaria, which refuses to accept proletarian dictation from Berlin. The Bavarian Reserve Division, through its Council, protested against the *Separatist Movements in Germany* interference of the Berlin Soldiers'

and Workmen's Council, with the present Government, demanded a national assembly, and added: "We have nothing in common with the resolution of the Berlin Soldiers' and Workmen's Council, which does not possess our confidence." The Bolshevism, which the Berlin Government does not dare suppress, is apparently not flourishing in Bavaria. It is thought that all South Germany may be established into a new independent government. A tendency toward separatism is showing itself likewise in other parts. The separation of North Schleswig from Germany was passed by a vote of elected representatives of that territory, reported as fifty-seven to two. The question whether it should be reunited to Denmark was next to be decided. An inquiry was sent to the Danish Government to learn its attitude. On November 24 German newspapers reported that the "United Workers' and Soldiers' Councils" had proclaimed Oldenburg, Oestfriesland, Bremen, Hamburg and Schleswig-Holstein a republic, with the capital at Hamburg.

**Great Britain.**—An election address to the country, foreshadowing political changes shortly to engage the attention of Parliament, has been issued by Mr. Lloyd

*The Election Address* George and Mr. A. Bonar Law. No attempt is made, however, to state with any definiteness, a fiscal policy; this is

dismissed with the generalization that the war debt must be reduced "in such manner as to inflict the least injury upon industry and credit." Evidently the Ministers take for granted the creation of some sort of "league for the preservation of peace," and three reforms of a striking nature are outlined in the following paragraph:

It will be the duty of the new Government to remove all existing inequalities of law as between men and women, and to create a second Chamber based upon direct contact with the people. There can be no political peace in the Kingdom or Empire while the Irish question remains unsettled. Therefore all practical paths toward a settlement must be explored. There are two paths, however, which are closed, namely, one leading

to the complete severance of Ireland from the Empire, and the other to forcible subjection of the Ulster counties to a Home Rule parliament against their will.

There is wisdom in the reflection that there can be no peace in the Empire until the Irish question is answered. Whether Parliament will bring an equal degree of wisdom to the solution, remains to be seen. Parliament was prorogued on November 20, with the usual address by the King. "Amidst our rejoicing," was the tone of the speech, "let us not forget to render humble thanks to Almighty God for the success with which it has pleased Him to crown our arms." In the absence of the King in Scotland, the address was read by commission.

**Russia.**—According to a dispatch from Vladivostok, the Council of Ministers of the new All-Russian (Anti-Bolshevist) Government at Omsk, Siberia, made Admiral

*Kolchak Dictator at Omsk* Alexander Kolchak, on November 18, dictator and commander of the All-Russian army and fleet. The move is

a triumph over the radical wing of the All-Russian Government, the "Directory" being done away with. The new dictator on the following day addressed to the people of Russia a proclamation appealing for united action and declaring his aims to be: "The creation of a fit army, the conquest of Bolshevism, the organization of right and order, so that the people can select the form of government they desire without hindrance and be able to achieve their ideas of liberty."

News came on November 21 of the overthrow of the Bolshevik Government at Kiev in the Ukraine by troops from Astrakan under command of General Denikine. The Ukrainian National Assembly fled and a new Provisional Government was set up headed by General Denikine. Entente troops were reported to be marching on Kiev.

Dispatches received at Washington via Stockholm November 23, announce that a Helsingfors paper prints an account of a great massacre at Petrograd, 500 former

*Bolshevist Murders Renewed* officers being shot by the Bolsheviks. Imprisoned foreigners are very

cruelly treated there. The bodies of five Grand Dukes, it is also reported, were recently found in a well at Allispavick, Siberia. An English merchant who lately returned to London from Petrograd says that dogs and men fight for the flesh of horses that drop dead in the streets of the city. The Bolsheviks announce that there will be grain this winter for their soldiers, sailors and partisans, but for no one else. The Bolsheviks are murdering many prisoners in order to conserve food. All wholesale and retail establishments have been nationalized and a complete secret-service system of food-control has been put into operation. The traveler reports that the Bolshevik strength is increasing in Petrograd and Moscow, many Russian Liberals joining the Bolsheviks in order to keep down the extreme reactionaries.

# The Irish Issue in Its Irish Aspect

WILLIAM J. M. A. MALONEY

**A**T the time of the American Revolution the statesmen of America and of Ireland had attained to almost the same eminence of political conception, and in their zeal to give to their respective peoples the principle of popular freedom, they had gone much further than any contemporary nation. One hundred and forty years later America is the arbiter of the world's destinies, and Ireland seems to be the last, if not the least, of the world's concerns. The question inevitably arises: Has Ireland affirmed her right to freedom by all the ways a conscious nationality can affirm that right? The answer can be found in Ireland's history only. The events of that history are indisputable and undisputed. Such of these events as resulted from Irish action reflect the Irish aspect of the Irish issue. Ireland can ask no fairer presentation of her case than that which the Irish themselves have offered at the court of history. And America can seek no better guide to the nature of the Irish issue, and its Irish aspect, than that which history affords of the period from the end of the American War of Independence to the present day.

At the very beginning of that period, the first great affirmation of Irish nationality occurred: an Irish volunteer army, over 100,000 strong, was organized (1782). With this army Ireland was content to accept from England a parliament endowed with "*perpetual*" legislative independence for Ireland. The mass of the Irish people were excluded from direct participation in this parliament; but, as it represented Irish, as distinguished from English, rule, Ireland welcomed it, although America, more wise, had declined in 1778 a similar English substitute for freedom. "In 1783, a haughty petition was addressed to the throne on behalf of the Roman Catholics by an association styling itself a Congress. No man could suppose that a designation, so ominously significant, had been chosen by accident; and by the court of England it was received, as it was meant, for an insult and a menace. What came next?" (De Quincey, "The Irish Rebellion," "Essay in Life and Manners," Boston, 1851, p. 127). Next came the suborning of the planters and placemen of Ireland's Parliament, till, under duress and largess, they yielded their function to the English Government. The Union of the Irish to the English Parliament was not legalized before 1801, but it had then long been effective. Defrauded of their *perpetual* legislative independence by extra-constitutional means, the Irish sought independence by arms (1798); and insurrections followed which were not finally crushed until 1803. The Union and the process of crushing the rebellions, deprived Ireland both of her planter statesmen and of her republican revolutionaries: and for a time Ireland was stunned and still and leader-

less. Then O'Connell appeared with his scrupulously constitutional agitation to amend the laws by which Catholics were degraded to an inferior political status, an agitation that was as essentially an expression of a demand for political freedom as was the militant demonstration of the Volunteers, which extorted the 1782 Parliament. Peel explained his conversion to the cause of emancipation on the ground that the peasants of Clare, who he had believed were serfs, were the possessors of the "true and unbreakable spirit of freemen." Wellington frankly admitted that he supported the measure because "the Irish regiments were cheering for O'Connell" (1829). Then the Irish people, with the sympathy of Ledru Rollin in France and of President Taylor in America, put forward a constitutional demand for the repeal of the Union (1832-1844), for the return of their legislative independence, for the resumption of that path to freedom which they had trod in the days when Franklin and Washington were one with them in thought and in purpose. England defeated this constitutional demand by the unconstitutional imprisonment of O'Connell (1844). Led by Smith O'Brien the Irish again revolted (1848). Out of the grave of the insurrection of 1848 arose the Fenians, a physical-force party pledged to an Irish republic, a party that was defeated and dispersed in the risings of 1867. The Church of Ireland, mainly a hierarchy of aliens, ministering to less than a tenth of the people of Ireland, took a tithe of the country's goods. As an instalment of freedom the Irish obtained the remission of this tribute by the disestablishment of the Church that legally imposed it. Gladstone who enacted the disestablishment in the English Commons (1868) confessed that it was the Fenians who had "rung the chapel bell," and he had legislated fearful of that warning. Meanwhile, a movement, through passive resistance, strikes and sabotage, to free the peasant from the status of chattel and to raise him to the level necessary for a stable national society, had spontaneously developed among the Irish peasantry. The Irish were not freed by imperial rescript, as were the "souls" in Russia. A long and relentless struggle ensued in Ireland, which was virtually ended by the Land act of 1903. While this struggle was waging, the fight for legislative independence continued. At Westminster, Parnell stood "single handed in the ford to hack and hew an ancient parliament till it fell misshapen from his sword." The fight he fought enabled his successor, Redmond, to gain for Ireland, first, local government for counties in county affairs (1898); and, finally, that modified form of legislative independence which is called Home Rule. In 1912, again in 1913, and yet again in 1914, the British Commons passed the Home Rule bill. In 1914, it re-

ceived the endorsement of King, Lords, and Commons. It was then "suspended." The Irish after this final lesson in the futility of constitutional endeavor, again resorted to arms; and the Republic of Ireland was once more proclaimed (Easter, 1916). As a climax to this period, English-appointed courts, in suits brought by Dublin property owners, decreed that damage done in the 1916 revolution was legally the act of an usurping government in Ireland.

Every legislative gain sought or achieved by Ireland was in one direction: every gain was the best that was obtainable having regard to the circumstances of the time: every method, whether constitutional or unconstitutional, was devised for one end and was designed to overcome the prevailing form of the opposition of England: every leader who sprang to take the place of him who fell, or of him who was silenced by execution, deportation, or imprisonment, led the forces of Ireland toward the same goal. With constitutionalists and with rebels, in peaceful and in forceful methods, in victory and in defeat, through changes of leaders, weapons, strategy, and tactics, this ultimate purpose of Ireland remained clear and invariable. It was, it is, and it will always remain, the vindication of the right of Ireland to government only by the consent of the governed.

In this review of Ireland's history, measures initiated by the Irish to cement the union with England are not mentioned; for no such measures exist. Indeed, six times since the establishment of the American Republic, the Irish have attempted by force of arms to found the Republic of Ireland. England to this day professes ignorance of the Irish issue in its Irish aspect; but there was always at hand in Ireland, as there now is, an English army to suppress the realization of the ideals of the Republic of Ireland.

In this review of Ireland's history, measures initiated by the Irish and appertaining only to Ulster are not mentioned; for no such measures exist. The Irish leaders in this continuous struggle came from all quarters of the country: Wolfe Tone, Napper Tandy, Gavan Duffy, John Mitchel, and John Martin were all Ulstermen, as were also Isaac Butt and Roger Casement. They belonged to both creeds: O'Connell, Meagher, and Pearse were Catholics; Grattan, Tone, Emmet, Fitzgerald, Smith O'Brien, Davis, Mitchel, Martin, Parnell and Casement were Protestants. And they were drawn from all classes, from Michael Davitt of the Irish peasantry to Edward Fitzgerald of the Irish peerage. In the ranks too, all classes, creeds, and provinces loyally served. All contributed to the victories and participated in their results: Catholic emancipation was the emancipation of all by all; the Protestant Dissenter was freed with his Catholic fellow-countryman: the disestablishment of the Church of Ireland relieved of the tithe-burden the Protestant Nonconformist no less than the Catholic: the peasantry of Ulster reached the status of proprietorship at the same moment as the peasantry of the other

provinces: government of county affairs was won for Ulster when it was won for the rest of Ireland. And all classes, creeds, and provinces have sustained each other in the course of the struggle and have shared the burdens that could not be removed, the casualties, the executions, the imprisonments, the deportations, the evictions, the starvation, and the emigration. The struggle is unequaled in history as a struggle by a united nation for national freedom.

Few nations have suffered such casualties and kept their identity; but Ireland is still Irish. The spirit of Ireland's nationality was long sustained by the Irish priesthood. O'Connell founded reading rooms in every village and hamlet to educate his people. Mangan, Davis and Duffy, together with the other Young Irelanders, roused by their writings that pride of race which history bade the Irish remember and which serfdom made them forget. Douglas Hyde and his Gaelic League restored her speech to Ireland, and taught her the glories of her ancient literature. Yeats, Synge, AE, and Colum wrote the songs and dramas of Irish Ireland. A national theater, a thing unknown in England, flourished in Ireland. Pearse and McDonagh in St. Enda's School molded the boyhood of Ireland in an Irish mold. Eoin MacNeill, and others, made the National University an Irish university. Plunkett and Russell led the Irish farmer to economic independence through cooperation. And a spirit of dignity, discipline, self-reliance and thrift, an Irish spirit worthy of an Irish nation, was fostered and maintained among the people, that a free Ireland might be an Irish Ireland.

Since the American Revolution roused men free of soul in every land, Ireland in her history has consistently shown that she is a nation in the grip of a national ideal, the ideal of national freedom. In spite of recurrent slaughter, of a prison policy seldom excelled by Tsars, and of a depopulation which the Turk has not often rivaled and very rarely surpassed, Ireland has not wavered from her purpose to be free. There has been no frailty of spirit, no lack of energy, no want of determination, no dearth of daring, no shrinking from sacrifice, in the affirmation of Ireland's right of national freedom. Now, at the end of 140 years of dauntless endeavor, when Ireland is more unconquerable, more Irish, more free in spirit, and more determined to be also free in fact, is it likely that anything short of the full application of President Wilson's principles will satisfy the indomitable people of Ireland?

Circumstances prospered America, but not Ireland; and the legal, social and intellectual censorship which England exerts over the English-speaking world has further tended to make America unmindful of the fact that the Irish issue in its Irish aspect has always been identical with what was once the American issue in its American aspect. America now comes mighty from the vindication of the rights of subject peoples to national liberty. But what will it profit the soul of America if it

gain the freedom of the whole world and suffer the loss of the freedom of Ireland?

From 1782 to 1918, England has found it necessary on over 100 occasions to resort to coercion acts, suspensions of the *habeas corpus* act, martial law, and its analogues, to enforce her authority in Ireland. In 1844, 1881 and 1916 England felt compelled to imprison the Irish leaders *en masse*, in order to secure again for herself executive power in Ireland. In 1798, 1803, 1848, 1867 and 1916 England had to reconquer Ireland; and England now holds Ireland by virtue of an English army of occupation, under a military governor. Will not these war and siege measures need to be continued until Ireland be free, a nation once again? And if out of the war a league of nations be formed, a league that lacks the nation of Ireland, may not its first duty be to aid England in Ireland as the Holy Alliance aided Turkey in Greece?

The people of Ireland have, in their isolation, set at defiance England, the possessor of an empire greater than that of ancient Rome, an empire to which 400,000,000 are subject, to which the riches of the universe are tribute, of which the world's largest navy is guard. When England fought against, and when England fought alongside, the United States; when England was allied with other nations of Europe against Napoleon; when England approved of that Alliance against freedom that was profanely styled Holy; when England with France and Piedmont fought Russia in the Crimea to save the unspeakable Turk; when England morally supported Prussia against France in the Franco-Prussian War; when England, as Ribot lately disclosed, entered an entente with Germany against France and Russia; when England allied herself with Japan against Russia; when England with France and Spain united against Germany at Algeciras; when England was associated with the victorious powers of the world—during all these mutations of the international hatreds and friendships of England, the people of Ireland were pursuing their immutable purpose of national freedom. If a league of nations that lacks the nation of Ireland be now created, will not Ireland continue dauntlessly to pursue her purpose till a free Ireland be recognized as an essential member of that league, or

until the league itself shall become a thing of the past, and be numbered in history among the fitly fleeting alliances of England?

While America has grown to greatness; while French empires and republics have arisen and passed away; while Belgium, Greece, Italy, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Serbia, have been born as nations and have developed into powers; while Spanish, Chinese, Russian, Austrian, Turkish, Mexican and Brazilian empires have fallen to pieces; while the German empire was being created, exalted, and destroyed; while Norway seceded from Sweden, and Iceland from Denmark, Ireland was persistently fighting her fight for freedom. Will not Ireland continue to fight on till she be free, or till the empire that is England be overtaken by the doom that is the fate of empires?

But if Ireland now be paid her earned share of that freedom which is being squandered on the promiscuous and chance acquaintances of war—freedom which Redmond and Kettle and "more than 500,000 Irishmen" from Ireland, Britain, Australia, Canada, and New Zealand, have fought to win; if Ireland now be given her place in the family of nations; if Ireland's leaders be deemed worthy to appear alongside the Czecho-Slovaks and others at the peace conference; if Ireland now be enrolled as a nation in the league of nations, would not America's purpose in the war acquire, what it still lacks, absolute and unqualified moral vindication? Would not the plain people of England be glad that at last amends had been made for an age-long national crime? Would not the foundling nations of the world see in the nation of Ireland a promise and a sign that their life of liberty was established not upon the precarious tenure of the shifting interests of selfish powers, but upon the firm basis of an inalienable, unalterable, and universal right? Would not the Irish pilgrims, now risen to greatness in every land, become disciples of the new world order, apostles of the new world freedom? Would not an Ireland, free to live her own life, to think her own thoughts, to write her own message to the world, become again as she once was, the center of Celtic culture, a nation of teachers and scholars, of messengers of peace and goodwill to all peoples, even unto the people of England?

## Militarism for the United States

JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.

**I**N his letter to the belligerent nations some fifteen months, ago, Pope Benedict said:

The fundamental point should be that for the material force of arms there should be substituted the moral force of right: thereupon, a just agreement among all, for the simultaneous and reciprocal diminution of armaments, in accordance with rules and guarantees hereafter to be determined, to a size that would be necessary and sufficient for the maintenance of public order within each State.

President Wilson gave expression to the same ideal in the fourth of his fourteen principles of peace: "Adequate guarantees given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety."

It is a well-known fact that at the Hague Conferences and elsewhere, Germany has consistently opposed the project of general disarmament, whether gradual or

otherwise. While this attitude was mainly due to a desire to increase the power and the territory of the Empire by force, it sprang in some measure from a historical distrust of conciliation and arbitration and an exaggerated trust in the effectiveness of the sword. The influence of this second cause is clearly seen in the speech of Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg before the Reichstag, March 30, 1911: "Gentlemen, whoever considers the question of general disarmament objectively and seriously, and follows it up to its last consequences, must come to the conviction that it cannot be solved as long as human beings are human beings and States are States." Colonel Roosevelt and other advocates of universal compulsory military service and "thorough military preparedness" use substantially the same language as Bethmann-Hollweg to express their lack of confidence in disarmament and a league of nations, and their reliance upon armies and battleships. In this they subscribe to one of the leading tenets of Prussianism.

No effective agreement or compromise is possible between great national armaments and a league of nations. If an attempt be made to maintain both, one or the other must be merely secondary, incidental and ineffective. A league of nations would render national armaments superfluous. On the other hand, the nation that continued to maintain a great army and navy could not co-operate sincerely in a league of nations, and would be constantly tempted to insist by force upon its own conception of its rights, instead of submitting to the peaceful processes of international conciliation and arbitration. Colonel Roosevelt himself admits the incompatibility of the two policies, when he insists that a league of nations should be merely "an addition to preparing our own strength for our own defense," and grudgingly concedes that in this feeble form it "may do a small amount of good."

In the opinion of Professor Nippold, the system of national armaments "is the antithesis of international law, and the state of military preparation carried by it to an extreme height is a standing menace to peace." (*Nineteenth Century*, Sept., 1918, p. 505.)

Let us glance briefly at the insuperable objections to the policy of "adequate military preparedness" after the close of the present war. The crushing burden of taxation laid upon the people, and the loss to industry from the diversion of an enormous number of workers to military and naval activities, are well understood, as for a long time previous to 1914, they had been a nightmare to the great nations of Europe. Apart entirely from the matter of cost, the system is intrinsically unworkable. "Adequate preparedness" means sufficient military and naval training and equipment to secure a preponderance of force. That is, the nation must be sufficiently armed to withstand all possible combinations of hostile powers. Even then, it may be secure only against defeat, not against attack, for unfriendly nations may not be convinced that their powerful rival has

really attained the required preponderance. No single power can create for itself a military position of such evident and compelling superiority that the other great States will acquiesce, and submissively accept a status of permanent national helplessness. Hence follows the inevitable combination of a rival group of nations for the purpose of maintaining a "balance of power." But the balance is always an "unstable equilibrium"; for each coalition distrusts the other, is prone to exaggerate the rights of its own members and to minimize those of its antagonists, is quick to take offense at fancied indignities and to use its military equipment for the enforcement of its selfish conception of rights and interests. Hence constant insecurity and the perpetual imminence of war.

Should the United States decide to seek national security through enormous armaments, the policy would require either an army and navy large enough to defeat the largest possible combination of opposing powers, or a military alliance with one or more of them. The former course would impose upon the country intolerable burdens; the latter, besides being a violent departure from our traditions, would inevitably lead to an international condition of unstable equilibrium with all its consequent evils.

Apparently the militarists among us attempt to evade this disquieting and repugnant conclusion by making one or more rather violent assumptions. Some profess to believe that our present cobelligerents will be so well disposed toward us for ages and ages to come that from them we shall have nothing to fear; consequently, our armaments need be only sufficiently powerful to withstand what will be left of war-making capacity in Germany, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey. This is a beautiful, gracious, and touching act of international faith. For simplicity and sweetness it far transcends the naivest dreams of the most idealistic pacifist. Its only defect is that it ignores some very pertinent and instructive facts of history. The readiness of nations to forget both their enmities and their friendships, when their interests seem to require new alignments, is fairly notorious. The ancient but now suspended hostility between France and England; the change from enmity to friendship that occurred within the last ten years between Bulgaria and Turkey; the alliances so lately severed between Bulgaria and her Balkan neighbors, and between Italy on the one hand and Germany and Austria on the other, are sufficiently illuminating instances.

More realistic militarists contend that even those European nations that might quickly forget the present ties of friendship and common purposes, will not for many years possess either the resources or the desire to make a great war. For the immediate future, therefore, we shall require only a fairly large degree of preparedness. This view is probably sound; but if the nations of Europe do not take advantage of the present propitious time to form a league of nations—and they probably

will not do so without the active leadership and co-operation of the United States—they will not be likely to carry out the project afterwards. In that case, they will all sooner or later enter again upon the war-provoking policy of competitive armaments. When they reach this stage they will constitute the same menace to the United States that they were in the years immediately before 1914. Adequate preparedness, therefore, means the early and continued provision of the greatest military equipment that we can support.

On the other hand, if the leading States of Europe should form a league of nations with the United States left out, they would be perpetually tempted to convert it into an offensive alliance. Instead of a league of peace, it would become a provocation to war between two continents.

This brings us to the third assumption of the militarists, namely, that our unselfish and pacific national purposes will always be so evident to all the world that not more than one or two of the European nations will ever be mean enough to attack the United States. Therefore, we shall not require an overwhelming amount of armament.

Against this comfortable assumption there are two powerful objections: first, that an armed and militaristic Europe will in the future as in the past make war for unjust ends, against unoffending nations; second, that several years of compulsory military service and construction of formidable armaments, could easily and gradually lead us into selfish and aggressive courses. Those of us who remember how narrowly our country escaped the disaster of committing itself to a policy of imperialism in the years following the acquisition of the Philippines, are by no means convinced that we are confirmed in the grace of national unselfishness.

Even if we should remain forever immune from deliberate imperialistic designs and other forms of aggression, there would always be the temptation to use our formidable armaments for the purpose of enforcing our own interested conception of our rights. No nation, not even the United States, is capable of absolute impartiality in judging between its own claims and those of foreign countries. One of the reasons why the late Kaiser and his cohorts always opposed effective international arbitration was their fear that its decisions might sometimes be against them. They wanted to be free to impose their own views by force. The difference between their position and the position of our American militarists is that the former disregarded moral rules in their conception of the rights of Germany, while the latter accept the general principle that political actions are subject to the moral law, but would have the officials of the United States entirely free to enforce in particular cases their own interpretation of morality. Inasmuch as they place their final reliance upon the arbitrament of force, the exponents of American militarism are essentially disciples of Prussianism.

## The United War Work Campaign

R.T. REV. BISHOP MULDOON

WHEN the decision was made by the President that there should be but one united campaign for the seven agencies engaged in ministering to the welfare of our soldiers and sailors, a task of no small magnitude confronted the National Catholic War Council. We had assured Mr. Baker, Secretary of War, when we urged him to reconsider the previous decision to have the campaign divided into two parts, that the Catholics of America would do their full share of working and giving. The thought then was that we would organize by diocese and by parish, having well in mind the splendid result achieved in other diocesan campaigns. We soon found that there were obstacles in the way of this plan. In the first place, the new campaign was to be not seven simultaneous campaigns but one campaign whose proceeds would be divided according to a pre-arranged scale. Secondly, several expedients had already been agreed upon, as for instance the grouping of the great industries of the country. Within these groups it was expected that the corporations and their operatives would be assigned quotas more or less nearly balancing each other. If Catholics contributed in this way, they could not very well be called upon again for a parish contribution. If they were so called upon, then the parish contribution must obviously understate the gift of our people. Again, large sections of the country had adopted the War Chest principle, involving guarantees that there would be no new collections within a stated period for any purpose. In several States, organizations had been set up for the very purpose of answering all war calls. This involved a levy, with the utmost of moral suasion behind it, on every member of the community, in sums fixed by consensus of local opinion. In some localities the quotas required were simply added to the tax bill. Finally, although the natural method would have been to have the heads of the seven agencies meet and agree upon a plan, there were the pertinent facts that the campaign date was close at hand, that the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign intervened, and that there was a campaign organization already completely set up. Obviously, our action was restricted to bringing to the aid of this existing organization the maximum of the resources to which we had, conceivably, better access than they. Our people's gifts were already pledged in fullest measure. It only remained to see that the energy of men and women, needed to solicit a full response to the call of the President, should be set in motion.

We found the United War Work campaign organized by States. To the State committees we appointed at once the State officers of the Knights of Columbus. Then we appealed directly to the members of the Hierarchy for assistance in the equally necessary work of nominating Catholics to the 3,000 county committees,

and, still more important, of finding willing Catholic workers whose services should be made available to the campaign directors in every city, town, township, and school district. We felt sure that in every parish more workers would be available than the campaign directors would be able to use, and, although the recruiting of such committees might involve some heartburnings, if their services were not used, this seemed to us a less evil than if the workers were sought without success by those responsible for the local campaign. The fact is that in thousands of Catholic parishes lists of workers were furnished in excess of the whole number in the campaign in the respective localities. It was quite the common experience to find that pastors had turned in lists so long that only ten or twenty per cent of the people named were requisitioned. If the campaign were to suffer from the non-employment of available workers, the responsibility for their non-use was upon other shoulders than ours. It might not be easy to state the number of workers thus enrolled, but two statements can be made in all certainty; that there were always too many Catholic workers offered, never too few, and that while there have come to us from the United Campaign managers innumerable expressions of gratitude over the interest and activity of the Catholics in their localities, there has been hardly a suggestion that in any place the Catholics fell short of their duty.

Naturally, there is in this much matter for gratification, but it should be said at once that such a result could not have been attained had not the members of the Hierarchy adopted such measures as were requisite to attain it. Upon the representations made to them from our campaign headquarters, the Bishops appointed lay and clerical delegates to supervise the formation of the necessary committees, they communicated our plans to the pastors in letters, a collection of which would make the most vitally patriotic volume of the campaign, and in very many instances they were leading participants in the United War Work campaign platform demonstrations. Moreover, they gracefully assented to the holding of a series of conferences, first in the metro-

politan cities and afterwards in the diocesan sees, at which the clergy and most active laymen were coached in the work by trained campaign organizers sent for the purpose from our campaign headquarters. Where circumstances required, as often happened, the Bishops held conferences of groups of the clergy and urged upon them the necessity of leaving nothing undone to make the campaign a success.

As might have been expected from all this, the reports we have received from the clergy in all parts of the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, mention as the strong point of the campaign the spirit of unity which prevailed in support of the great patriotic purpose and the harmony which was to be noted at every phase of this widespread co-operation. Not that prejudice was universally exorcized. That would be too much to look for. Even prejudice, however, was relegated to the background, and if in some instances it gave occasion for resentment, in no case was it suffered to interfere with the success of the campaign.

All concerned have been conscious that this was an experiment whose importance could not well be overestimated, that it subjected to a severe test the collective consciousness of the Catholic population which had never been called upon before for expression in units larger than that of the diocese. Now that the campaign is over, we have every right to feel that in this great effort for the honor of the Republic and the welfare of its defenders, the Catholic Church has nobly responded to the call of the President. We know, too, that what has been done has reflected the greatest credit upon all and every one of the agencies through which the Church is in contact with society, for testimony thereof, unequivocal and often gracious, comes to us from every side. Those who have in any way contributed to the achievement of such a result, and not least the zealous and devoted Catholic press, may be forgiven if they indulge a righteous satisfaction in the fruits of their work. To all of them the committee of Bishops, charged with the responsibility for the efficient functioning of the National Catholic War council, will be forever grateful.

## Prague in Czecho-Slovakia

AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M.D.

**P**RAGUE, the capital of the new Czecho-Slovakia, is often in the war news these days, but few know the charm of that heart of emotional, lovable Bohemia which laughs readily and weeps readily, and hates all things German with a fierce hatred. Prague has been famous and forgotten alternately for 1,000 years since the Czechs came in on the old Celtic Boii. Mentioning Celts—the Bohemians are curiously like the Irish: dreamers, always stopping short of the end, irrepressible, with a rainbow of humor over every moral storm. They live forever in the dim past when their

Malachi wore a collar of gold which he won from the proud invader, and still sing sad melodies like *Kde Domov Muj* as the Irish did before they changed their music for politics. Throughout all they constantly surprise one with the changes of a courtesy as subtle as wit.

They have two languages, Czechish by choice and German in dire necessity. The men I knew in the university would avoid me on the street because they would have to use German, and they feared some Czech would overhear them using the jargon of the enemy. Their

own pronunciation is entirely congenital. *Czjzek Srb*, and *Srch* are family names on shop signs in Prague, but the natives can pronounce them by throwing in vowels *more Hebraico*.

On Sunday afternoons the fashionable parade was along *Ferdinand Strasse*, the name of which changes to *Am Graben*, about six blocks in from the Moldau. The Czechs walked on *Ferdinand Strasse*, and the Germans on the *Graben*. A Czech would as soon jump into the Moldau as set foot on the *Graben* on Sunday afternoon, because of the Germanic profanation. Today a German on any street of Prague must be as lucky as a dog at High Mass.

The city lies in a valley along the Moldau, and the streets at the rim of this depression are steep. They writhe through arches and tunnels where every house is strangely shaped, and blackened by ages of rain and frost. The doors wear iron armor and are all enclosed with great spikes like gadlings on a gauntlet, and the windows are fashioned in forgotten curves. The churches are crested with quaint turrets and spires, and there are hundreds of these taken out of the illuminations of some medieval Missal. Lamps flicker before shrines on the dark corners. The shops in the *Altstadt* have romantic names above the lintels—The Golden Star, The Fair Child, The Black Courser, The Serpent of Gold. Near the *Pulverthurm* on *Zeltnergasse*, a great Gothic street arch, is a “Millinery Shop of the Black Mother of God,” named for a statue on a nearby corner.

The part of the city I lived in was the *Neustadt*, which really was new several centuries ago. The black ouzels sang wonderfully in the trees below my windows, and the afternoons dozed in the still lanes as they do in the outer streets of Rome. On a pillar in the middle of one of these lanes was a small statue of St. Appolinaris, placed there long ago and forgotten. This pillar and the ancient urns along the villa walls have been well gnawed by the slow tooth of time for hundreds of years. On one of those afternoons while going from the city up a winding empty street I saw coming toward me, between two old towers, a big man in complete black armor, with shield and lance, his face hidden behind the visor of a plumed *armet grande*, and riding a superb black charger. The horse was caracoling in bardings of steel. The armor on man and courser was not the modern masquerader's tin, but genuine plate, and worn with apparent ease. I had often seen ghosts at night in Prague, half incredulously, but this apparition startled me. I began to reason scientifically on the possibility of sudden mental hallucination in apparent health. When the black knight and his horse were before my opened mouth I looked beyond and saw a military funeral following. I learned afterward that the knight in armor is a custom at the funerals of Austrian officers. Just such a suit of armor as this man wore is in the Kaiser's collection in Vienna, which belonged to Cardinal Andreas von Oesterreich, who died in 1600,

and there are two deep bullet dents in it, one over the heart and one at the middle of the breast. His Eminence evidently had a narrow escape one day.

There are many remarkable churches in the city, the Cathedral of St. Vitus, with its colossal statue of St. John Nepomuk in silver (the silver in it is valuable), the exquisitely colored church at the Benedictine monastery of St. Emaus, the *Teynekirche*, where the astronomer Tycho de Brahe is buried, St. Nicholas's, the church of the Abbey of Strahow, and several others. The ecclesiastical and religious history of Prague, and of Bohemia in general, especially in the fifteenth century after Jan Hus, he of the chanticleer face, started his disturbances, is interesting but very unpleasant reading. They had Bolsheviks there. I trust this post-bellum cracking up of Austria into a mosaic will redeem mankind. Since the first walkings of the Teutonic ghost across the fields of Europe, the little peoples of the Balkans never yet did anything but brag of what they never did, and they are already, before the treaty of peace has been signed, caterwauling and spitting at one another, along the backyard fence of the world. But then we are not going to have any more wars. Mars is to hit Billy Sunday's trail, and mankind henceforth will hold a sweet and chronic Methodist song service, or turn St. Peter's into a Y. M. C. A. hut and eat Salvation Army doughnuts there until Gabriel sounds taps, and so, “Good Night.”

But we were gossiping about Prague. In the *Rudolphinum* there they have several surprisingly beautiful pictures by Theodoric of Prague, who lived in the middle of the fourteenth century. Near these is a picture by Schikenader with a grim story in it. Painters assure the profane that pictures which tell stories are pernicious, and therefore I remember this picture after twenty-six years and forget all the others in that gallery.

A muddy road is winding along the brown river which has overflowed its banks. The day is late in autumn, dead leaves and broken branches lie by the roadside, and under the lowering sky the trees are bare ruined choirs. A peasant boy, stooped, shivering in the whining wind, is leading an old gray horse, which plods along in the mud, dragging a farm cart. At the tail of the cart, sitting sidewise, her sabots dangling just above the mud, her bare head slanted back, and her desolate face turned up to God, is a worn woman. Beside her on the cart is a man's coffin. The widow and her boy are taking the father to his wet grave in the *Friedhof*, the Yard of Peace, alone, not even one curious idler to lend them a semblance of sympathy. When I saw that picture first the May sun was flooding Prague, but the light went from me in a mist. Oh! the pity of it.

Behind the *Rudolphinum* is a very old Jewish cemetery, nearly as old as the city itself. The *Altneuschule* synagogue near it dates from the twelfth century. The tomb of a rabbi has a bunch of grapes sculptured on it, a levite's grave has a ewer on it, two hands have some connection with the clan of Aaron. Visitors place peb-

bles on graves as a mark of honor; as a *cairn* was built by the Irish. This *cairn* building is still found in parts of Italy, where a person has been murdered, or killed in an accident.

In Prague, as in Italy, they saw wood by holding the saw with the foot and rubbing the wood on the saw. Italians are fond of such reversals. They protect a candle flame by holding the hand behind it instead of in front, as we do; they turn a screw to the left; they signal adieu by waving the hand toward themselves. On some of the tramways in Prague are notices which are *echt Deutsch*: the cost is given for each *part* of the car in the supposition that you may in an hilarious moment break such part. If you smash the whole car "The offender must pay not only for the car, but for the damage done the car."

In place of our college commencements they have a promotion to a degree at any time. The friends of the candidates are present. If the degree is in medicine the *pedellus* of the medical faculty comes in at the head of the procession. He wears a scarlet robe with a cape collar of white silk, white gloves, and carries a long silver and gilt mace. After him is the chief *pedellus* of the university in black robe and ermine cape, with a mace surmounted by a cross. Then come the dean of the faculty, the promoter, and the *Rector Magnificus* of the university. These gentlemen are in evening dress and they wear heavy square-linked gold chains about the shoulders, on which is a medallion bearing the seal of the university. The dean presents the candidates to the rector in a few words, and the rector pays no attention whatever to them. The promoter, seated, addresses the candidates in Latin, tells them of their obligations, and asks them if they will uphold the dignity of the university and of their profession. They answer, *Spondeo*. Then they receive their diplomas. One candidate reads a very short Latin address to the faculty, and one or two others make minute speeches in the vernacular, and the ceremony is ended. The process is practical. No politician or pedagogue is given the slightest chance to bore the audience for an hour with platitudes, nor is the valedictory, with frequent uses of the term *Alma Mater*, revamped for the thousandth time.

One Corpus Christi morning in Prague I went over to the *Hradshin*. The sky was gray with rain clouds as I walked along the Street of Gold and the Street of the Lilies, and the mist was tangled in the forest of delicate pinnacles, and black Gothic and Byzantine towers behind me. The carillons in the towers were striking seven o'clock, one chime waiting with Bohemian courtesy for the other to cease before it would begin.

As I crossed the *Karlsbrücke* on the way to the Cathedral the sun burnt away the mist, and glittered on the Moldau as the river crooned over the dam, and swept under the statues and stone arches of this most picturesque bridge in Europe, wandering away through the green hills as it went 500 years ago when it bore toward

the sea in flames of holy light the body of St. John Nepomuk, flung from the bridge to death by mad King Wenzel's bravos, because he would not break the seal of the confessional.

Near the spot whence St. John was thrown was a medieval group of statuary. A great Turkish devil was sentinel at the gate of hell, with a knout in his hand to keep the folk frying within from escaping. At the *Kleinseite* tower of the bridge there is a gargoyle fashioned as a witch astride her broomstick. I thought then that this figure was the starting point of Marion Crawford's romance, the "Witch of Prague," but he told me years afterward he never had noticed this witch.

That morning at the head of the steep Street of the Golden Spur women were selling wreaths of flowers, which one could carry in the procession and strew before the Blessed Sacrament. On the long plaza between the old king's palace and the palace of the Cardinal Archbishop of Prague were regiment after regiment of Austrian infantry, and the officers of the garrison in gala uniform. Each man had three oak leaves in his shako.

Within the Cathedral were brilliant lines of army officers, and the senate of the university, which is more than 500 years old; mitred abbots, monks, secular clergy, the Cardinals, and beyond all these the blazing altar. The great organ was flooding the dim aisles with torrents of harmony, and the choir caught up the chant, *Kyrie Eleison!* I stood beside the tomb of the Bohemian kings, and near me was a grave slab engraved with a litany of titles, and a pompous Latin period, telling the world of the undying fame of the forgotten dust below. I forgot the name of this unforgettable person, but I still remember the pathetic human cry fixed in marble below the titles: *Abi viator; et quod tibi factum voles, piis manibus bene precare.*

Beyond the Cathedral gates after Mass the mist again had crept up from the city and the sky was gray. The bells boomed and jangled, the cannon crashed, and the trumpets blared as the troops stood at attention. Then there marched out hundreds of little lasses, bearing roses red and roses white, chanting sweetly and softly; and hundreds of lads piping valiantly at the Czechish hymns; and gilds in medieval gaberdines, gilds in leathern aprons, and the university *pedelli* in black and scarlet robes and Florentine hats, as they had stepped down from some old tapestry; friars in brown, friars in white, friars in black, green-plumed officers with clanking scabbards; red and white gonfalons flapping and lifting in the soft wind, and before each division a flower-twined image of Him on the Holy Rood. Then the steady short tramp, tramp, of the infantry guard about the baldachino, the cry of the officers passed on to the tense columns. "Present arms!" and the Lamb that was slain went by through the fragrant smoke of swung thuribles and the flare of the clamoring guns. My hands were filled with roses forgotten for the beauty of it all, and I tossed them where His feet had gone.

## Fifty Years of Heroism

E. J. DEVINE, S.J.

**MIRAMICHI** is the name of a bay which deeply indents the coast of northern New Brunswick. Forests and streams and quaint little villages planted here and there along its banks help to make it one of the most picturesque spots in Canada. The name itself and dozens of others in the neighborhood, such as Neguac, Tabucintac, Escuminac, Pokemouche, Tracadie, are derived from the language of the Micmac Indians who lived in that region for centuries and who may still be found there on small reserves as wards of the Canadian Government. But the greater number of the people dwelling on both banks of the Miramichi are Acadian French, the descendants of those colonists who escaped Governor Lawrence's cruel edict of expulsion in 1755. The Acadians are still there, growing in numbers, and fishing and farming as their ancestors did when the mythical Evangeline shared their labors. And yet those simple peasants are carrying a cross which seems strangely out of place amid the beauties of their native soil. Leprosy developed among them many years ago and brought sorrow into their quiet, uneventful lives. It has been losing its grip in recent years, but all the efforts of medical skill and all the noble charity of one of our Catholic Sisterhoods have not yet succeeded in stamping it out.

Just when leprosy took root along the Miramichi is a mooted question. One tradition has it that in 1758 a French vessel, hailing from the Orient, was wrecked in the bay and the sailors who found refuge among the Acadians rewarded the hospitality they received by unconsciously spreading the disease. If there be any foundation for this story—and those who are well informed appear to doubt it—the growth of leprosy in New Brunswick was apparently slow, for it was not until half a century later that it began to claim public attention. The more plausible tradition is that two Norwegian sailors, stranded at Tracadie, in the first years of the nineteenth century, implanted the germs of the dread malady. In 1815 a well-defined case of leprosy appeared on a young woman, Ursula Landry, who, because she was the first afflicted, has ever since enjoyed a rather pathetic celebrity. Her husband and her neighbors contracted the disease from her and died from it. Other cases were discovered later, especially in the neighborhood of Tracadie, and in 1844 Father Lafrance, the pastor of that stricken parish, besought the Government of New Brunswick to apply some preventive remedy.

After a special medical committee appointed for the purpose had declared that the disease was contagious and incurable, Governor Colbrooke and the Board of Health set to work to sequester the victims. Little difficulty was experienced at first in persuading them to submit to isolation, for they expected the medical treatment and care that would assure their recovery. But disappointment came to them quickly when they found themselves huddled together on Sheldrake Island in Miramichi Bay. No provision had been made for their comfort; they were lodged in miserable buildings, with plank beds and insufficient clothing. Discontent and insubordination soon made themselves felt, and escapes from quarantine became quite common. This intolerable situation arose not merely from the helplessness of the provincial authorities, who apparently did not know what to do, but also from the peculiar mentality of the lepers themselves, who, strange to say, had an unconquerable feeling of disgust at the sight of the wounds and sores of their fellow-victims. Moral confusion naturally added its element of horror to the scenes witnessed in the tumble down lazaretto. The lepers looked upon themselves as cursed and abandoned by God; they railed against Providence; they bewailed their sad destiny; they asked to be relieved by death; in their despair they burned down the buildings over their heads in 1845 and again in 1852.

The history of this first period of the leper colony at Tracadie reads like a bad dream; it was not until the Rt. Rev. Dr. Rogers,

the newly appointed Bishop of Chatham, interfered that matters took on a different outlook. In 1868 this zealous prelate sent a pathetic and successful appeal to the Sisters of the Hotel Dieu of Montreal to come to his aid. He did not hide from them the hardships of the mission, not the filth, not the danger of contagion; the more the good Sisters heard of the misery of the poor lepers of Tracadie the warmer grew the fire of charity within their hearts, and they agreed to assume the responsibility of the work. A contemporary report states that when the superior asked for volunteers she placed a box in a convenient spot into which those who wished to go to live among the lepers could drop their names. When the box was opened the name of every Sister in the community was found therein.

Seven nuns arrived in Tracadie in September, 1868, just fifty years ago. They set to work at once to improve conditions in the lazaretto. They gave the poor victims their personal care; they washed and cleansed their wounds; they transformed the filthy pen into a clean abode. A new era opened for those outcasts of humanity, and they quickly responded to the touch of heroic Christian charity. From a mutinous, turbulent crew they became docile and contented. They were made to feel that if they had to submit to perpetual banishment from their families, they were receiving all the care and sympathy that science and charity could give them.

The work of providing for the lepers was assumed by the Canadian Federal authorities in 1880, and in 1894-95 they built a large and commodious lazaretto at Tracadie to which patients found in any part of Canada are now sent. Ample means are given by the Government at Ottawa to help the Sisters of the Hotel Dieu who, for fifty years, have been devoting themselves to this admirable charity. During the half-century the records recall the names of one hundred and eighty lepers who have passed through their hands, but it is satisfactory to note that there are only thirteen patients at Tracadie at the present time, the smallest number in many years. Both the Government and the Sisterhood, however, are fully alive to the ever-present danger; both are continually on the alert for fresh outbreaks of the disease; both work in the fullest cooperation and mutual good-will. Nothing could be more gracious, nor more merited, than the tributes of praise offered to our heroic nuns in the annual reports published by the Department at Ottawa. The Government medical superintendent of the lazaretto, Dr. Langis, wrote in his last report: "I wish to express my deep appreciation of the good Sisters for their unfailing assistance and co-operation. The sublime service rendered by them to our unfortunate lepers, especially during the last and most trying stage of the disease, cannot be given in words to do them justice." And Dr. Montizambert, Director of Public Health in Canada, added, in his turn, that "Nothing could be nobler than the self-sacrificing devotion exhibited by them in their attendance on the lepers, evidently the highest possible sense of religious duty."

. . . The devotion and care given to the patients by the nursing religious Sisters continue to be above all praise."

### COMMUNICATIONS

*Letters, as a rule, should not exceed six-hundred words.*

#### Masons against the United War-Work Drive

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In every issue the *New Age Magazine*, the official organ of the Supreme Council of Scottish Rite Freemasonry, shows its anti-Catholic animus. In the October number, this monthly opposes the united drive of the seven organizations engaged in welfare work for American soldiers. In the course of a hostile editorial it says:

Under the "one drive" plan, Protestants and others are placed in the position of having a part of their contributions, nearly twenty per cent, go to the Roman Catholics for their own particular work, perhaps to be expended as above stated (for cigarettes, rosaries, scapulars, prayer-books, etc.).

All the drives heretofore made for the Y. M. C. A. have been more than successful, only the K. of C. failed to reach their specified amount; perhaps, therefore, it is no wonder that they desire to combine with the Y. M. C. A. and get the benefit of its prestige. By the "one drive" plan, thousands will be forced to give, if they do give, and all want to give—a part of their contributions toward the propagation of Roman Catholic ideas, and perhaps for the purchase of rosaries, scapulars, etc., which they believe would be useless and wasteful. Is it fair that the Roman Catholic organization should be given \$30,000,000, not to mention the recognition of that Church by the Government, which we deprecate, nearly one-third as much as the Y. M. C. A., and several times more than the allotment to the Salvation Army, both of which are non-sectarian and serve men of all religions alike?

We cannot make our contributions during the drive direct to the Y. M. C. A. or any other organization, for it has been decreed that each organization must turn into the general fund all donations made to it while the drive is on. Of course, after the drive is over, one can contribute direct to whatever organization whose work he most approves.

This was plain advice not to give to the united drive, but to withhold contributions until it was over. The same issue of the magazine prints, on page 466, a letter from Goblet D'Alviella, Grand Commander of the Freemasons in Belgium, dated Sept. 12, 1918, in which he denied in a round-about way a statement made by the Marquise de Fontenoy that an international Masonic congress had been held in Berlin last July to work for a premature end of the war. Then as a postscript he added: "The Knights of Columbus are trying for the present to push themselves forward all over France. I suppose they were jealous of the liberal-minded Y. M. C. A. and of its success among a Catholic population."

The Masons say that the Knights antagonize them, but that is talk. Here, however, is proof that the Masons are active against the Knights.

Washington, D. C.

K. R. C. L.

#### Ireland Not a British Colony

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have read with the greatest interest the splendid and timely presentation by Dr. William J. M. A. Maloney of "The Irish Issue in Its American Aspect" in the current issue of AMERICA, but wish to take exception to the phrase at the opening: "Ireland, the oldest of English colonies." In no sense of the word can Ireland be called an English colony. Ireland was a nation with a highly advanced form of government and society, long before England emerged from the Roman yoke. Neither the "Plantations of Ulster" under Elizabeth and James nor the results of Cromwell's slogan, "To hell or Connaught," could be dignified by the term colonization. The earlier settlements in what was called "the Pale" might have better claims to the term colony, but, as all the world knows, those early English settlers who followed Strongbow into Ireland lost little time in becoming Hibernized, and were soon spoken of as *Hibernicis ipsis Hiberniores* (more Irish than the Irish themselves).

I do not write this with the purpose of being hypercritical, but because the Anglo-Saxon, like the "heathen Chinee," in "his ways that are dark and his tricks that are vain," is not a little "peculiar." Nothing would please the English press in America better than to be able to make out a claim that Ireland was merely an English colony. Indeed, there are not wanting to close observers indications that the plea for the exemption of Ulster from the provisions of Home Rule is, under the skilful hand of King George's shrewd friend, Mr. Carson, liable to take shape along those or similar lines.

For the rest, Dr. Maloney's presentation of the case, his marshaling of facts, his cogency of reasoning, his splendid array of citations from history, are all entitled to the highest praise. It would be strange, indeed, if, in the face of Mr. Wilson's assurance of "self-determination for small countries," the only thing which would exclude "Ireland's claim to freedom" would

be, as Dr. Maloney has so felicitously phrased it, that she has no "geographical situation within the empires of the Central Powers." Every other title to consideration is certainly hers. Can it be that the only thing which will exclude her from Mr. Wilson's plea for small nations is that her oppressor is not the Kaiser, but King George? We hope to hear from Dr. Maloney again on this vital question.

Rochester, N. Y.

S. F. S.

#### A Leper Colony

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Since I saw you last at Woodstock, in the old college on the hill, I have traveled a far distance. I am here in Culion, chaplain to more than 5,000 lepers, in this great colony. Since May, 1906, when the colony was established, up to the present, 12,000 lepers have been sent to us by the Government. Of these some 7,000 have died. There are at present three hospitals for men and two for women, and some others in prospect for next year. The sick come from all the islands of the Philippines, as you may surmise when I tell you that there are thirty dialects spoken in Culion. The hospitals are under the direction of eight Sisters of St. Paul of Chartres, France. An American doctor is director of the colony. There is also a Filipino doctor who visits the hospitals twice every day, two native nurses for the babies' hospital and another native nurse for the clinic. There is also a dentist here, but the director is now trying to replace him by an oculist. The Government supplies food and from time to time donates clothing, and every five weeks a peso. Even so, the immense majority of the people are extremely poor, and would welcome any gift, small or large. These afflicted people are mostly Catholic, though a few are Protestant and another few Mohammedans. Every month 7,000 Communions are received in the church, hospital and cottages. The lepers, as you know, are under the spiritual care of the Jesuits. There is one other Father besides myself, and we have our hands quite full. There are hundreds of children who have no other parents but the Fathers of their souls to care for them. No doubt God will touch the hearts of some of your good readers and prompt them to send us papers, books and clothing, in fact, anything that will help these poor people.

Leper Colony, Culion, P. I.

F. J. RELLO, S.J.

#### An Echo from the Past

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In August, 1910, there was an international Pan-Celtic congress held in Brussels. A report of the proceedings printed in the London *Tablet* of September 3 of that year is of special interest today. It tells us how, in the evening, "the delegates were entertained at the American legation where Irish songs were sung and Irish dances danced." They had been welcomed to the city earlier in the day by Cardinal Mercier, who, after a pleasant greeting, said:

I am the humble successor in this see of the great Irish St. Rombold. I put myself under his protection. I pray, and do you please pray, that I may follow in his footsteps.

Later, the Cardinal gave the *Tablet* correspondent an interview, from which the following is taken:

The Cardinal, tall and very thin, a man of steady smiling eyes and strong countenance, not only reads, but speaks English fluently. . . . He is one of the fighting politicians of this country, where the position of the Church is the all-important citadel of politics. . . .

About Belgian affairs his Eminence spoke first. He was pleased, he said, with the result of the July elections; the Catholics lost one seat, but gained two; they had fought with magnificent vigor, and they have now a majority of one in the Senate. "You must understand," his Eminence continued, "that all the forces against us now—what we call the Liberals—are not entirely anti-religious, and I think that if we lost our majority and the Socialists came into power, there would be many secessions from among their Liberal supporters. These are not pledged to secularization. Of course, we must expect a great assault at the elec-

tions of two years hence after twenty-six years of Catholic triumph."

I asked the Cardinal what effect the revival of Flemish had upon the Church. "You evidently share the idea abroad, that the renaissance of Flemish is a renaissance among all classes. That is not so. The lower orders, the peasants, have always spoken Flemish, and the revival to which you refer only touches the upper classes. The movement has been in progress some twenty or thirty years. As to its effects, I am very doubtful; but some people appear to forget that faith must take first place, and language a poor second."

Of the visit of the Celtic Congress that had just concluded the Cardinal spoke in glowing terms. "I had no idea how great a sense of nationality the Irish have, nor what beauty there is in those airs we heard on the harp." I told the Cardinal that for once he had been outdone by his Auxiliary-Bishop. Mgr. De Wachter had just been reciting "The Wearing of the Green" to me. He knew its history, too.

His Eminence was interested in the national color of Ireland. "Don't they dispute the claims of both Gaelic green and St. Patrick's blue?" I explained that in ancient days these and all the primal colors were "national," but saffron more than all else, for saffron was the color of St. John, and him the Irish loved as being nearest to Our Lord. His saffron flower is also called in Ireland Colomba's flower, after that Saint who, from a "fighting O'Donnell," was changed to the St. Francis of Ireland, the Saint who was given as love-name "The Peace-maker," "the Cooing One," "the Dove." And any Irishman can see in that flower, inverted, the beaks of five doves. "You know, of course," said his Eminence, "that one of my greatest predecessors in this see was an Irishman, St. Rombold? And I have been twice in Ireland, once on the invitation of your Government, who consulted me about the foundation of the National University. I have many friends there."

No doubt the good St. Rombold watched over his valiant successor and brought him safely through his many recent tribulations.

New York.

T. F. M.

#### Constructive Social Principles

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The article of Mr. John Burke in AMERICA on "The Need of Constructive Social Principles" struck home with particular force in my case, perhaps because of the circumstances under which I read it. I had taken AMERICA with me to the convention hall, where the "League to Enforce Peace," under the presidency of William Howard Taft, was holding its last session of a three-day meeting. Many notables had gathered for this convention, among them representatives of foreign countries, statesmen, university professors, and labor representatives. With a few minutes to spare for the reading of the communication of Mr. Burke before the opening of the meeting, I was in the midst of his writing, when the chairman introduced as the speaker of the evening a Catholic priest, whose reputation as a brilliant orator is more than statewide.

The address, as a work of oratory, was an unquestioned success. The diction was choice and sparkling; the periods were balanced with skillful nicety; the climaxes were struck off with a judgment that revealed an experienced speaker. Noble sentiments were given a setting which earned rich applause. Force of utterance characterized every sentence spoken. It was a finished address, showing careful study and rehearsing.

Still, the address was a disappointment. There were in the audience men and women of education, lawyers, judges, educators, teachers, business men. They had come to hear the views of a Catholic priest on a proposed "League of Free Nations." For, such was the topic which the program announced for the speaker. They were eager to learn these views, because being the only Catholic priest on the program it was more or less understood that he represented the views of the Church. They received no such views. The speech left the impression that the Church had none to offer on this important matter. They looked for bread, and they received, well, not stones, but flowers,

the flowers of dazzling elocution. They received, instead of bread, pictures; pictures of the vandal Hun, of a poor, unfortunate Belgium, of a viper-stung Lusitania; pictures of the saviors of our country, of a George Washington in the days of tyranny of a George III, of an Abraham Lincoln in the days of civil strife, of a Woodrow Wilson in the days of a selfish, brutal autocracy; pictures of our boys in the strife and struggle of the war. The pictures were various and numerous; they were well drawn. And the oratory was well done. The speaker showed himself a man of memory; he knew his history well.

But we need in our day not only men of memory, who can recall the past as though it were the living present, we need also, and this more than anything else, men of vision, who can look into the future and thus prepare effectively for the many and serious problems which are coming with the days of reconstruction. The speaker did, indeed, state with regard to the League of Free Nations, which he mentioned for the first time twenty minutes after his address began, that it must be based on Christian truth and Christian morality. But just how this is to be accomplished, under what practical program, he failed to say. He scathingly arraigned materialism as a source of evil and a menace to the League; but he concluded with no constructive criticism. He emphasized most forcibly that the League could not rest on physical force; it was a child, or as he corrected himself, a weapon of materialism. Again this point yielded nothing but general statements.

A splendid opportunity was passed up to present a program for the proposed league of nations, as inspired by Catholic principles. Certainly, the formulation of such a program is quite a venture; it requires pioneer work; it demands sound thinking; it presents many pitfalls for mistakes; it will bring criticism from those who have different views. But such work of construction is necessary. The Church cannot afford to rest on the laurels of the past. It will not do, as Mr. Burke so well stated, to point to the social principles of Pope Leo XIII, as proof that the Church does not keep out of touch with the problems that puzzle the world. Leo XIII lived his day; we must live our own. He accomplished his work; we have our work still to accomplish. We truly marvel at his work, because upwards of twenty years ago when he wrote his now famous encyclicals, little attention was paid to social problems. He was among the first to venture into a field that had been hitherto little explored. And I am satisfied that it was not his mind that with his explorations all other explorations were to stop. He did his own thinking, and he did not mean to do any thinking for us. We cannot crown ourselves with his laurels; we must win our laurels for ourselves. We live in days of action, and unless we translate his principles into action, the mere mention of them must ever be to us a reproach.

We live not only in days of action, but also in days of facts. Let us face the facts. If I open the "Catholic Encyclopedia" under the title sociology, why must the fact stare me in the face that in the bibliography under this heading I am referred almost exclusively to works that present sociology from an un-Christian point of view? If I look through the catalogues of publishers listing books, pamphlets, and other literature on social problems, why must this other fact stand out so bold that there are found so few among the writers who have for their guidance the sure principles of a Catholic philosophy? If I page through the announcements of high schools, colleges, and universities, why am I confronted with another accusing fact that such meager, scanty provision is made in the curricula of Catholic schools for the study of vital problems of the day?

Society needs Catholic social leaders, and God knows, it needs them badly. The flag of red is waving triumphantly today in most of the new republics of Europe. God forbid that it should ever be the symbol of our republic.

Madison, Wis.

JULES FENTON.

**A M E R I C A**  
**A·CATHOLIC·REVIEW·OF·THE·WEEK**  
**SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1918**

Entered as second-class matter, April 15th, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3d, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 29, 1918.

Published weekly by the America Press, New York.  
 President, RICHARD H. TIERNEY; Secretary, JOSEPH HUSSLEIN;  
 Treasurer, FRANCIS A. BREEN

SUBSCRIPTIONS, POSTPAID:  
 United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly, \$3.00  
 Canada, \$3.50 Europe, \$4.00

Address:  
 THE AMERICA PRESS, 173 East 83d Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.  
 CABLE ADDRESS: CATHREVIEW  
 Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

*On account of the shortage of paper, a limited number of indexes has been printed of Volume XIX of AMERICA. Those who desire copies should notify the editor by post-card and the copies asked for will be mailed at once.*

•      **Junkers at Home**

THE wisest spirits in the United States and in the Allied nations are agreed on the principle that no peace can be lasting, unless it is founded on justice. To our own people, who have made supreme sacrifices, must we first of all be just, for there is an order of precedence in justice, but we must also be just to the vanquished enemy. He must be required to make full reparation for his misdeeds, and he must be placed under such restraints as will forever make impossible a repetition of the tragedy which for four weary years drenched the world with blood. Yet that reparation should not be exacted, nor restraints be imposed, in a spirit of revenge or hatred. This has been the position of the President from the beginning, and it has recently been stated with clearness and vigor by Mr. Lloyd George. "No settlement that contravenes the principles of eternal justice," writes the Premier, "can be a permanent one."

We must not allow any sense of revenge, any spirit of greed, any grasping desire to override the fundamental principles of righteousness. Vigorous attempts will be made to hector and bully the Government in an endeavor to make them depart from the strict principles of right, and to satisfy some base, sordid, squalid principles of vengeance and avarice. We must relentlessly set our faces against that.

The war is now over, but in the words of a naval authority, much rough sailing is before us. The Junkers of the press, clamoring for the adoption of a policy towards Germany which differs from the injustice which marked Germany's treatment of Belgium only in degree, pour no oil upon the troubled waters. In the first bitterness of resentment, as well as in the initial exultation of victory, some Americans have made use of phrases which in their calmer moments they will wish unsaid. To demand, as our Junker press is demanding, in "an attempt to bully and hector the Government," a "crushed and forever broken Germany" and to insist that the Germans must now be made hewers of wood and drawers

of water for the rest of the world, is to ask for a course of action that is not only unworthy of a civilized people, but is also utterly absurd from the political and economic standpoint. Germany cannot be wiped out, like the writing on a slate by a sponge in the hands of a child. The people of that now distraught and unhappy country yet remain, human beings, with aspirations and possibilities for good, as well as for evil. We must destroy German militarism, the doctrine that might makes right, down to its last poisonous roots, but not the German people. Many among them regard that philosophy with an abhorrence equal to our own, and as for the others, it is our privileged mission to lead them to the truth. Hatred only breeds hatred, and injustice must look to a sure day of punishment. Not only justice and charity, but self-interest, must prompt and demand an Allied policy which will align the German people as willing and valuable factors in a world rebuilt on the principles of righteousness.

It was a supremely great American who fifty years ago conceived that it was his task to enter upon the reconstruction of this Government with charity towards all and malice towards none. May the Almighty who has vouchsafed us victory, keep far from the hearts of our people that hateful un-American spirit of revenge which the Junkers of the press, happily few, are now endeavoring to fan into a consuming flame. We have poured out the wealth of our country and have not spared the best blood of our people, in the great effort to make the world truly safe for democracy. We have won. Now, in the words of Grant, spoken in the hour of his triumph, "Let us have peace"; peace with God, peace with the nations of the earth, peace in our own hearts. We wish to win the friendship, not the rankling hatred, of the new German people. We are great enough to be generous. The world will not be the gainer, but all of us will be immeasurably poorer in the things that make life worth living, if the pagan philosophy which we have learned to abhor as "Prussianism," simply transfers its home from the once militaristic Germany to the counsels of the Allied nations.

**The Smith Bill**

WITH the coming of peace, and the changed political complexion of Congress, a multitude of legislative measures will be permitted to slumber *ad libitum* in the darkest recesses of the committee rooms. It would be dangerous to believe, however, that this happy lot will be meted out to the Smith bill, the first step in the plan for the federalization of education. The plan has long been uppermost in the thoughts of those zealous persons whom Dr. Hanus has well named "our professional educators." It now commands the support of the National Educational Association and other influential bodies and holds out for them the prospect of so much added power, that any relaxation on the part of those who still believe in the principle of local self-government, would be at-

tended with serious danger. While not probable that the bill would receive executive sanction in its present form, even in the event of passage by the House and Senate, it is fairly certain that amended, yet still offensive, it will be considered by the next Congress.

The bare propositions, urged with so much energy and pathos by Senator Smith, that illiteracy is undesirable, and that one function of government is to encourage education, can be gainsaid by none. But a "quack" remedy may be worse than the disease, and decapitation has never been considered the proper treatment for earache. To lessen illiteracy is a good work, but not if it means a monopoly of education by the Federal Government. The end merits all praise, but the means is bad. Unfortunately, the dangerous proposals contained in the Smith bill have been passed over in silence by the press, while its attractive features have been loudly heralded, not only by the alleged "free press" but by official governmental publications. Among the few American journals keen enough to discern the serious defects of the bill is the *Omaha Bee*.

Equally important is the tendency to centralization of power at Washington. The measure contemplates the placing of all educational institutions under the direction of the Federal commissioner. This is exactly the German system. While results such as flow in the Kaiser's empire might not follow here, the wisdom of the experiment is open to question. We do not want such results. Just now we view more power in Washington than ever before was gathered there. . . . It is certainly not desirable to perpetuate that condition.

It would be difficult to put the case more simply. The Smith bill means the centralizing of all authority in education in a Federal Commission at Washington. It means the releasing of forces and of public funds which ultimately will do away with the parochial school, and with every form of private school. It means schools which will follow "goose-step" programs imported from Berlin to Washington. Are we prepared, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, to foster this exotic policy in the United States?

#### After-War Wages

MUCH violent discussion has already ensued regarding the question of wages after the return of our troops from abroad. The experience of the past four years should have taught us at least one economic lesson: that wages have a purely relative and never an absolute value. The actual amount of money in the weekly pay-envelope can of itself give no certain indication of the worker's economic condition. His wages may be doubled without increasing his prosperity, or they may be cut in half and yet leave his position no better or worse than before. The real value of money is determined by its purchasing power. When milk rises from ten to twenty cents a quart, and other commodities increase proportionately in price, a doubling of wages may not imply betterment in the laborer's conditions of living. The

reverse is equally true. Hence the error of demanding an unalterable rate of wages.

If after the conclusion of peace our profiteers are still permitted to extort the same usurious prices they exacted during the confusion of the war, or if, under changed conditions of production, the laborer is not willing to consider a fair readjustment of wages where this becomes necessary, we may count on a prolonged era of misery and discontent. Worse evils may follow.

The just wage of the laborer, let it at once be strongly affirmed, is a thousand times more important than the large profit of the capitalist. But full justice must be done to all alike: to laborer, capitalist and consumer. Our ideal standard supposes an adequate reward for labor; a fair margin of profit for the employer, such as will again redound to the common good; and prices determined accordingly.

It is curious how men are willing to sacrifice their lives and the lives of their children in a war for democracy, and yet are unwilling to make the comparatively light financial sacrifices that are required for the establishment of a true and lasting democracy at home. With the return of our transports from overseas, with tens of thousands of our soldiers from the front, all eager to cast aside the weapons of war and take up anew the tools of their labor or profession, we too must bravely face our economic problems. We have no right to look to the special benefit of any class or body of men, but must fearlessly provide for the welfare of the entire people. This can be brought about only if capital and labor willingly adjust themselves to changed conditions according to the demands of the common good. Willingly or perforce, profits and wages alike must be adapted to this one supreme consideration.

#### The "Dummy Director"

"WHAT are your duties as president?" asked the district attorney of the president of a street railway company. "I am supposed to see that the interests of the company are looked after," he replied with engaging frankness. "I take such measures as may seem desirable for the company's interest." Further the deponent sayeth not. It is quite possible that in law and fact, this president, appointed by the company's board of directors, had no other obligation than to keep the corporation in such a condition that it would yield a return upon the investment. Apparently, he had no duties to the public. But who has?

First of all, the constituted civil authority. State and municipality must enact such measures as will effectively secure the safe operation of a public-service corporation, and enforce them by suitable penalty. On its part, the corporation is bound to take all reasonable care that these regulations be scrupulously obeyed by all whom they concern, and this obligation rests not only on the general principle of obedience to law, but on strict justice. The public does not pay for any sort of service, but for

safe service. When corporations are ruled, as they generally are, by boards of directors, such boards are bound to consider not only the interests of the stock and bond-holders, but also of the public, to whom they bear a contractual relation. The directors of a street railway, for instance, may not permit the use of unsafe rolling stock, or the employment of unskilled motormen. On the positive side, they are strictly obliged in conscience to provide, either directly or through others, everything that may be reasonably required for safe and convenient service.

How lightly these serious obligations rest upon the consciences of many corporation directors is brought home to the public whenever a steamboat blows up, or a mine caves in, or a train of senile wooden cars, in charge of an untrained motorman, breaks from an improperly laid track to crash against a stone wall, and kill four-score passengers. Then it appears more clear than the noon-day sun that the directors, severally and collectively, who would be keenly and rightly insistent upon a remedy, were their corporation losing money, know nothing whatever of the corporation which they are supposed to direct. No word is there in theology or ethics or law or the dictionary, to express the peculiar width, height, breadth, length, depth, exclusiveness, and inclusiveness of the ignorance of the average director testifying at a coroner's inquiry or a district attorney's inquisition, following upon an industrial accident.

The ignorance may be real, but it is none the less inexcusable. If a director is too busy to attend to the work of a director, he ought to resign. If he is a Catholic, he should know that this obligation to resign is a strict obligation prescribed, according to circumstances, by charity or by justice. In the eyes of the law, he may be that tolerated thing, a "dummy director," but in the eyes of God he is accountable for the exercise of whatever power is confided to his keeping. He may not shirk it, he may not use it solely for personal advantage, or for the advantage of the corporation. His duty to the public is no less real and binding than his duty to the company. If he wilfully neglects the one or the other, he is guilty of sin, and if he cannot fulfil his obligation to both, as an honest man only one course is open to him, and that is to resign. The plea that he was only a "dummy director" set up to follow orders, will avail, not for his clearing, but his conviction before the judgment of God.

#### "Christ-month" Steadfastness

**H**E died climbing" is the striking epitaph engraved on the tomb of a fearless Alpine guide. With his eyes on the distant peak which was his goal, he toiled steadily upward, planting each foot firmly as he advanced and heartening by his words and example those who followed him. But suddenly a great mass of snow rushed down the mountainside, swept across the guide's path and he was never seen alive again. "He died climbing," however, and thus teaches from his grave a lesson of

steadfastness which always well becomes the days of "Christ-month," that beautiful old name for the Advent season.

But this year there is need of a particularly earnest preparation for Christmas because, since the first coming of the Prince of Peace, no anniversary of His Birth has perhaps meant more to Christian people throughout the world. For the greatest war in history is over at last and both victors and vanquished are now binding up the nations' wounds. Just as the fulness of each soul's Christmas joy and peace is measured by his steadfastness in prayer during Advent, in like manner the permanence of the world's peace, now in the making, certainly depends to a large extent on the Christ-month prayers of all the Faithful. If they are the persistent humble petitions of steadfast Christians who, however steep and rugged their path may be, are constantly climbing upward, like the Alpine guide, and living lives of cheerful self-denial and joyful faith, God cannot refuse to heed their prayers but will make the coming Christmas a most memorable one in the world's history, for it will be the beginning, let us hope, of a new era of lasting peace on earth to men of good-will.

#### The Law of Life and Love

**O**UT of the darkness rises the dawn, and after the storm comes a great calm. We may not question the ordinance of God, or seek to search His ways; all we know is that He is our most loving Father whose heart is solicitous for us. He need not have fixed pain and the Cross as the price of our salvation, nor have set our stumbling feet in hard ways and rugged paths. Yet so it has pleased Him. His only Son ate the bread of sorrow and drank the lees of the chalice of pain. As His poet has said, we are born in others' pain and perish in our own, and over the brief span, mercifully brief, that stretches from the cradle to the grave, we pass, bearing our Cross. Whether we follow Christ trustingly, or hold back in doubt, the Cross is with us. The head may be crowned with gold or with thorns, the body clad in fine linen or loathsome rags, but on every shoulder, of prince or commoner, noble or beggar, saint or sinner, rests the common burden of humanity, the Cross.

But we are not as those without hope. It is our Faith that teaches us to bear the Cross, not dumbly as a hopeless burden, but to rejoice in it, as the sign and pledge of eternal rest and happiness. If we sow in tears, we shall reap in joy. If we would bear the Cross worthily, we must first pass through our agony in the garden of lonely sorrow, where no kindly hand may rest upon us, or gentle voice of friend be heard in sympathy, and carrying our Cross, we shall assuredly mount Calvary to know its desolation and the oppression of dark hours. But after the storm will come the quiet of the tomb that is guarded by love, and out of the darkness the radiant dawn of our own Easter Day. That is the law of life, the law of the love in the heart of God our Father.

## Literature

### THE NOVELS OF ISABEL C. CLARKE

"**C**HILDREN OF EVE," Isabel Clarke's seventh novel, has recently appeared. It has the same distinction, entralling interest and literary grace as its predecessors, "Fine Clay," "The Rest House," "Only Anne," "The Secret Citadel," "Prisoner's Years" and "By the Blue River" (Benziger). The fact that these seven deal with modern problems concerning marriage, as it is influenced by differences of religion, of temperament and family pride is a sufficient apology for treating them as an organic group.

The first impression produced on a reader of any one of these novels is a sense of escape from the conventional and traditional treatment of themes that are commonplace. A mixed marriage is surely an ancient enough subject. But in "The Secret Citadel" it is handled in such a new way that you begin to feel that you have come face to face with an unheard of phenomenon. Legion is the number of modern novels built on the malodorous triangle plot; still, it is a skilful use of the same general idea that sustains the plot of "The Secret Citadel" and "Children of Eve." Only in these two novels the fly in the ointment of domestic peace is not, as in the triangle scheme, a person in love with either husband or wife. It is in both cases an apostate Catholic, a close friend of the husband, who poisons his mind against the Catholic Church and thus sows the seeds of domestic discord. The renunciation of wealth and the rejection of love in favor of the claims of faith are ordinary themes. "Fine Clay" and "The Rest House," however, depict this renunciation in a very poignant and uncommon fashion. In "Only Anne" the heroine sacrifices her own legitimate affection that the object of it may ultimately wed another woman. This solution, which owes its nobility entirely to the Catholic doctrine of self-sacrifice, is something like a reversal of the triangle plot. Instances could be multiplied, but these are sufficient to show the most obvious trait in Miss Clarke's writing, originality, in the sense of fresh and unacknowledged handling of well-known ideas.

After her originality perhaps the most noteworthy feature of Miss Clarke's novels is her powerful character-drawing. Adrian Guise, the apostate Catholic in "Children of Eve," is so realistic that his portraiture almost seems to sear the printed page. Yet it does not appear overdone. Major Pascoe and Gifford Lumleigh in "Fine Clay" are unforgettable characters and the effects of adversity and prosperity on their natures makes them stand out in bold relief. Her women are almost as definitely and sympathetically drawn as any in English Catholic literature. Yolande Pascoe in "Fine Clay," Anne Travers in "Only Anne" and Peggy Metcalfe are creations of which any novelist, Catholic or non-Catholic, could well be proud. Miss Clark evidently took great delight in picturing and the reader cannot fail to be delighted in contemplating her typical Protestant Philistines, such as the Grayles in "Only Anne," Lady Metcalfe in "The Rest House" and Mrs. Jupp-Denne in "The Secret Citadel." Even if Miss Clarke's novels lacked that originality in plot-treatment which we have claimed for them, they would be well worth reading for the characterization alone which has opened up a new field in contemporary novel-writing.

In a novel a well-constructed plot and vivid characters are rightly regarded as the bare essentials. Miss Clarke always has them. But although this irreducible minimum may satisfy, it does not charm. We look for and expect to find the graces of style, the evidences of a wide acquaintance with many cities and countries and people. In none of these lawful expectations is Miss Clarke disappointing. She has traveled like a true cosmopolitan in Northern Africa, Italy, France, England, Switzer-

land, and has been a close observer of nature and of men. It is but natural that her pages are studded with the rich spoils of travel and observation. But she has not only seen the cities of many men; she has understood their thoughts, she has traveled far in the lands of gold, of literature and of art and the essence of it all she has distilled over many a page. She can season a page with a quotation from St. Augustine or Thomas à Kempis or Francis Thompson or an apt phrase from a Latin or French classic. In wealth and variety of allusions drawn from a wide range of reading she reminds one of Canon Sheehan.

Most of her plots are laid in Italy or England or oscillate between both these countries as does the latest, "Children of Eve." It is interesting and defines her eminence as a novelist to compare Miss Clarke's Italy and her England with the Italy and England of Marion Crawford and Henry Harland. Marion Crawford has described the cosmopolitan city life of Italy, he has delineated with meticulous exactness its relation to the life of the continent of Europe, he has investigated economic conditions and ransacked history and in consequence has given us a highly complex Italy. Miss Clarke, though not neglecting the city life of Rome and Florence, has, like Harland, given us better pictures of suburban villas and quiet home life, a far more simple Italy than Crawford's. Her England is more detailed than either Crawford's or Harland's; she is thoroughly at home in the fashionable society life of London or in the great landed estates of noble lords or captains of industry or in the humbler life of city or village. Her plots are a happy medium between the filament-like plots of Harland and the tangled play of plot and counter-plot in Crawford's longer novels.

Miss Clarke's descriptions of nature remind one of the exquisite scenes in Pater's "Marius the Epicurean" or Harland's "The Lady Paramount." An instance from "Children of Eve" will give some idea of Miss Clarke's descriptive powers:

Although it was now October, the day was very warm, and the sky was as blue as in summer. It was very still, the sea was almost glassy in its calm, and the red and white sails of the fishing boats were motionless and were clearly reflected in the water. Across the bay they looked northward toward Naples, which from this point of view presented an agreeable confusion of cream-colored buildings, straggling along the coast and climbing in serried ranks up the hill behind the city. Nearer, the mountains were painted in delicate tones of soft purple and green, broken here and there by a tiny village clinging pearl-like to the lower slopes. Little shining towns edged themselves between the mountains and the sea. Vesuvius was clearly outlined, and from its summit a trail of gray smoke, soft as a plume, rose almost perpendicularly into the clear blue of the sky. The chestnut woods that clothed the steep hills behind Sorrento were touched with their autumn fire, and the vineyards were empty, except for a few trailing crimson leaves. In spite of the warmth of the sun there was a delicious, crisp, autumn quality in the air, invigorating as new wine.

Not to insinuate that there is an absolute antithesis between the descriptive methods of Miss Clarke and Henry Harland, that one always paints nature at rest and the other always in motion, but it can be safely said that one generally portrays still and tranquil scenes and the other generally suffuses his descriptions with scents and sounds and incessant motion. And it is surely a sufficient tribute to the descriptive powers of any novelist to say that he or she approaches the marvelous blending of the stable and the transitory elements in nature which is found in Henry Harland.

Miss Clarke's Catholicism is a happy compromise between the frequently apologetic Catholicism of Crawford and the aggres-

sive Catholicism of Benson. This "*aurea mediocritas*" in dealing with our religion, this refusal to shrink the logical issues as Crawford sometimes did or to inflict it too forcibly as Benson often did, is another point of contact between Miss Clarke and Harland. A certain Protestant divine once said that Benson's novels were the most objectionable form of tract. That of course was a silly statement; if novelists can and do make their novels into tracts for Socialism or free love nobody had a better right than Benson to make his novels into tracts for Catholicism. But there was a sense in which the irate dominie spoke truly. Benson at times gives the impression that the thesis is wagging the characters. In the novels of Miss Clarke the characters are allowed to develop naturally and their Catholicism is the most natural thing about them. They never leave the impression that they are chessmen manipulated by a problem or a thesis. Still, those who read the seven novels Miss Clarke has produced thus far, cannot help having a few perfectly definite Catholic ideas on the subjects of mixed marriage, of secret marriage, of marriage for money and of loveless marriages arranged by persons who are not the contracting parties.

ALFRED G. BRICKEL, S. J.

#### TO HIS MOTHER

Nay, never weep,  
For he hath won beyond all sad tomorrows.  
His weary ashes sleep  
Far in sweet France, his soul, assoiled of sorrows,  
With unsuspected longing, leaps before  
Unto his God. He lives, so weep no more!

I know.  
A mother's heart  
Is fertile still of tears.  
Her griefs unbidden start  
And she will not be tutored in her wo.  
Her anxious love is very full of fears.  
Ah, love must bleed and suffer all the years!  
God made all mothers so.

But now,  
Thy time of grief is over. He is gone  
But is not lost. Nay, rather he has won  
Abiding peace. Christ cherishes thy son.  
There is a light of glory on his brow.  
While all exultant ages carol on  
He shall have naught but joy where God has put him now.

Ah, wouldst thou pray  
To have him caught again in webs of care?  
How serious and worthy was his way  
Through a swift death to lasting glories there.  
He won his goal with such a brief delay!

Wouldst thou, dear mother, have him once again  
Take up the burden of uncertain years,  
Give pledges unto weariness and pain  
And be the toy of wo, the sport of fears?

Then leave  
All bootless sorrow. Only pine and grieve  
For those that know no honor, faith and truth.  
Thy dear one doth receive  
For his brief dying an immortal youth.

Swift through the years to his dear arms thou'l go,  
For God hath planned it so.  
And life but leads thee nearer, day by day,  
To that celestial tryst, that secular holiday!

EDWARD GARESCHÉ, S. J.

#### REVIEWS

**My Lorraine Journal.** By MRS. NELSON O'SHAUGHNESSY. \$1.50; **From Berlin to Bagdad.** By GEORGE A. SCHREINER. \$2.00; **The War in the Cradle of the World.** By ELEANOR FRANKLIN EGAN. \$2.00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

For an American a certain magic hangs about the word Lorraine, that wonderful little strip of territory coveted by German and French alike and for years the subject of political and diplomatic dispute. "My Lorraine Journal" is the record, rather fragmentary, of summer and autumn trips from Paris to the sector where the first American contingent encamped and the first American blood dyed the soil of France. On the journey from Paris to Châlons, Commercy, Nancy, Toul, Lunéville, Verdun, along the historic Marne and through western Lorraine, the author jots down observations that bespeak a practised eye and ear and heart. Though one might challenge the spontaneity of some of the reflections on persons and places, the delightfully original, familiar style of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's earlier works pervades the "Journal," putting the reader at ease and carrying him or her along as a not imaginary fellow-traveler. A feminine fondness for a felicitous word once hit upon sometimes leads to tiresome repetitions. Still, the interest evinced in things American, especially the canteen work "over there," makes Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's "Journal" one of the season's interesting war books.

The author of "From Berlin to Bagdad" is an enterprising American newspaperman, who succeeded, in the years previous to our entrance into the war, in traversing the southern half of the Berlin-to-Bagdad railroad, the intended backbone of *Mittel-europa*. The story of the days spent in Stamboul, of the trip to the Gallipoli Peninsula where he witnessed the unsuccessful Allied attempt to force the passage of the Dardanelles in 1915, and of the journey down through Asiatic Turkey is calculated to hold the reader more and more as it progresses. Mr. Schreiner's descriptive powers are exceptionally good. He draws vivid pictures of the nightly duels between British and French warships and the Turkish fortresses, pictures scarcely equaled in purely descriptive war books. A rapid narrative of how the author was caught under shell-fire affords his powers free display. Native aggressiveness is exemplified in his successful attempt at an interview with Enver Pasha, minister of War and Vice-Generalissimo of the Ottoman army. The boarding of the Sultan's yacht without passport and obtaining an interview as well as a passport from the Minister sets a record for Yankee daring and cool-headedness in the presence of royalty. Numerous sidelights are given on Turkish customs and habits of life, the insight into the social status of Turkish women being especially interesting. Throughout the book runs a delightful strain of humor.

Mrs. Egan approaches the same theater of war from a different angle, by the back door, so to speak. Crossing the Pacific, she succeeded, in the fall of 1916, in making the voyage from Hongkong to the Persian Gulf and up to Basra, and thence by land to Amara, Kut-el-Amara, and Bagdad. Unlike Mr. Schreiner, this author seems intent on informing rather than describing; she presents the picture of a busy woman, note-book in hand, carefully jotting down every detail, and not writing for the sheer pleasure of writing and of sharing her pleasure. Readers will be inclined to mistrust her "always-trying-to-be-inconspicuous self." The author's ridicule of the Bible story of the Deluge is decidedly out of place.

J. H. C.

**The Note Book of an American Parson in England.** By G. MONROE ROYCE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

Mr. Royce was for years a sort of itinerant clergyman in Italy, France and Germany; in fact he was at some time or other, he tells us, in charge of every Protestant Episcopal church on the Continent but one. Later he was for six years employed in

various parts of England as a substitute minister, or "guinea pig," such being the refined term used by English ministers for supply-clergymen, the word being derived from the customary fee for their services, which is one guinea. The book is a chatty and entertaining one, the author having the knack of seizing on the piquant passages in his English experiences and retailing them in a lively manner. And all readers like an interesting gossip. It is only in the later portion of the volume, where he essays the role of the historian and seeks to justify the destruction of the monasteries in sixteenth-century England that he invites our strictures.

Though Mr. Royce confesses himself "without any pretensions to scholarship" yet he essays to set right such an eminent historian as the late James Gairdner. And this too practically all *a priori*, as if the immense erudition and long years of patient deep research were to count for nothing against factitious theorizing that is probably borrowed from such a discredited writer as Froude! The author bears splendid testimony to the work of monasticism at its best, and strives to show that Henry VIII was but obeying a natural law in uprooting institutions that had outlived their usefulness. He writes: "Everyone knows perfectly well that the continuation of the religious houses of London after the Reformation would have been not only an intolerable nuisance but an utter physical impossibility—that is, if London was to become what it quickly did become, the market and banking house of the world." Strong language this, and a strange argument for a minister of the Gospel to use. Has Mr. Royce ever heard of Mary and Martha at Bethany? Is commercial prosperity such a blessing that so much need be sacrificed for it? And did London "quickly" become the market and banking house of the world after the destruction of the monasteries? It was the wanton destruction by the English of Holland's commercial greatness a full century later that began to make London the "market and banking house of the world," though another century and more was to pass before London actually attained what Mr. Royce would appear to consider the acme of human attainments here below.

J. F. X. M.

**The Book of Job as a Greek Tragedy.** By HORACE MEYER KALLEN. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1.25.

The points of interest in a new commentary on the Book of Job are its textual criticism and interpretation. The textual work of Dr. Kallen is wretched. He sunders from their textual setting those elements that seem to him compact enough in content for a chorus of a Greek tragedy; and then makes a guess as to where these choral odes might have been sandwiched in had he written the dramatic poem under Hellenistic influences in the days of Euripides. As for the rest, the American revised version is followed throughout; only now and then is the original text called into service. Such an arbitrary procedure is a worthless essay at higher criticism. The start is false. The Book of Job is assumed to be a Greek tragedy after the fashion of Euripides. Upon this false assumption rests a fantastic reconstruction of the poem that will interest only those who have never been guilty of a painstaking study of Hebrew poetry. Such a one is Professor George F. Moore, of Harvard University, who writes a laudatory introduction to this wild Hellenization of a distinctively Hebraistic work. Far more scientific is the essay of Father Hontheim, S. J., "Das Buch Job," who leaves the text as it is, and divides the dialogue, according to the choral structure discovered by Father Zenner, S. J., into strophes, antistrophes and epodes.

As to Dr. Kallen's interpretation of the Book of Job, it is even worse than his textual reconstruction. Following the lead of Ezekiel, B. C., 592, in the Old Testament, and St. James in the New, the Fathers have interpreted Job as an historical person; and traditional exegesis deems that the poem has a

kernel of fact narrative in the imaginative setting of a dramatic poem. The lesson is that of many an inspired Hebrew poet, the revealed truth that a sweet Providence cares for man in time of adversity and brings good out of seeming evil. It is sheer arrogance on the part of Dr. Kallen, without any attempt at scientific interpretation, to attempt to express the "Joban philosophy of life" in terms of the *élan vital* of Bergson; and to speak of the Deity as a "force of nature," "the irreducible surd of all human experience," who is "unmoral, just with a justice of indifference . . . opaque, a self-revelation unrevealing of anything at all."

W. F. D.

**Yesterdays in a Busy Life.** By CANDACE WHEELER. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$3.00.

This is an entertaining book of reminiscences by a bright, old lady of ninety-one, who has won success as a decorator, heard Jenny Lind sing in Castle Garden, and in the course of her long life has met many notable men and women belonging to the world of art and literature. The daughter of a central New York deacon, the author with her seven brothers and sisters was brought up in a home that smacked strongly of seventeenth-century Puritanism. "Pilgrim's Progress" and Young's "Night Thoughts" were the most frivolous books she was allowed to read. Nearly everything that the family ate and wore and used was made or prepared on the premises, and each family in Delhi "did its share in adding children to the village flock, twenty-four being the maximum." The last-mentioned Puritan virtue is said to be obsolete now. After marrying and coming to Brooklyn to live Mrs. Wheeler began to cultivate her artistic gifts and subsequently became a valued member of the Century Club, and was prominently concerned in the success of the Chicago World's Fair.

The volume is full of entertaining recollections of Bryant, Stockton, Whistler, Mark Twain, etc., and the author quotes an amusing quatrain, T. B. Aldrich, who is described as "a cherub with a curly head," once wrote to defend himself against a certain richly gowned Miss Woodman:

Woodman, spare T. B.;  
Touch not a single curl!  
He cannot shelter thee,  
Thou most expensive girl!

Nevertheless she subsequently became Mrs. Aldrich. On a visit Mrs. Wheeler paid to Old Chelsea she met a former maid servant of Carlyle's who told this diverting anecdote about his wife:

"Jean was an ill woman to live with, poor soul!" she said, and then came the illustration. "I came in to see her one morning, and met Carlyle on the landing going to his study. He was in his dressing-gown, with his hair rumpled, and looking quite out of sorts. When I came into this room Jean was sitting by the grate, wrapped in a shawl, her little table and tea things beside her. 'What's wrong with Carlyle?' I asked. 'I met him on the stairs, and he looked rumpled and didn't stop to speak to me.' 'Oh,' said she, 'I just threw a teacup at him! I have been ill a week, and he has taken no notice of it, and when he came in just now and saw me sitting by the fire and asked, "Is anything wrong with you, Jeannie?" I just threw a teacup at him.'"

"Yesterdays in a Busy Life" will make the reader acquainted with a very amiable old lady who has had, as she well deserves, hosts of distinguished friends.

W. D.

**The Development of the United States.** By MAX FARRAND. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$1.50.

**Federal Power: Its Growth and Necessity.** By H. L. WEST. New York: George H. Doran. \$1.50.

Dr. Farrand's volume is one of the best interpretations of the history of the United States that has yet appeared. Sketchy narratives, scarcely rising to the dignity of historical composition, and shallow "evaluations" we have had in abundance.

As the publishers truly say, this work of the Professor of History at Yale is "different," that is, it occupies a field hitherto merely touched upon by historians, and offers an interpretation of American history that is both intelligent and thorough. But it is not for beginners; for a proper appreciation, a good acquaintance with American history is required. "The first service which Jefferson and the Democratic-Republican party are said to have rendered," he writes, "was in persuading the ordinary man that he had a right to vote against the wishes of his so-called superiors." What tyro could catch the deep truth, as well as the exquisite satire, sparkling in this gem, which is but one of many in Dr. Farrand's pages? It should be added, however, that not every student will be ready to accept Dr. Farrand's generalizations from the history of the last ten years. Perhaps it is too early to try to view the events of that decade in their proper focus.

In his discussion of the growth of the Federal power, Mr. West is too prone to substitute prophecy or personal predilection for fact. "We must honestly recognize," is the sum of his conclusions, "that the States have been eliminated as national factors, and that we have established a Federal Government with supreme functions." That the States have been eliminated as national factors is a truth hitherto mercifully withheld from at least two august bodies, to name no others, the electoral college and the Senate. For in the Senate, as of yore, two Senators continue to sit for each State whether that State have ten million citizens or scarcely one-tenth of that number, and the electoral college continues to recognize the fact that the popular vote does not elect the President. Furthermore, unless Mr. West has a newly-revised copy of the Constitution unknown to Congress, in a certain contingency the Lower House elects the Chief Executive, and in that case, Nevada with her 108,736 and New York with her 10,366,778 inhabitants, have each the same vote, and that is, precisely, one. No doubt, too, Chief Justice White should at once be informed that the functions of the Federal Government are, in Mr. West's phrase, "supreme," for several decisions of the venerable Court over which that learned jurist presides, were obviously written in woful ignorance of that revelation.

P. L. B.

#### BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The *Catholic Mind* for November 22 has a very varied table of contents. Father Tierney luminously discusses "Some After-War Problems," Father Woods writes on "The English Protestant Bible," and Father Reville continues his valuable list of ascetical and devotional books. The Holy Father's recent letter to the Bishops of Canada on the "Bilingual Question" is also printed in this number, and Samuel Fox gives some interesting facts about the "league of peace" Pope Sixtus V. planned to establish in the sixteenth century.

In "Soldier Silhouettes" (Scribner, \$1.25), William L. Stidger has given his experiences as a Y. M. C. A. worker with the troops abroad. His purpose is to show the spirit of sacrifice that the man in khaki portrays in his every-day life overseas. The value of the book is lessened by the author's exaggerated praises of the Y. M. C. A. The other relief organizations in the field receive scant credit from his pen. Yet we know the soldiers themselves have another story to tell. Accuracy and good taste would have helped Mr. Stidger to produce a more readable book, and while hoping for a new church brotherhood as an outcome of the war he would have saved himself from his foolish statement about the "narrowness of Catholics."—Mary Dexter gives a very good account of an American woman's experience in war work under the title of "In the Soldier's Service" (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.50). The book contains matters of paramount interest to the nurse, as it is practically the experience

of a nurse in the hospitals of England and Belgium given in the letters that she wrote at the time of actual service. Mary Dexter later joined a hospital unit in France, and in this part of her story she brings the reader very close to the horrors of war. While the book has a special appeal to the members of the author's profession, the general reader will find in it matters of vital interest.

Mary Johnston's latest novel, "Foes" (Harper, \$1.50) would be a more artistic and readable book if she had not persisted in putting into the mouth of an eighteenth-century Scot nonsense worthy of Hermione. The author writes, for instance, about one of her chief characters: "There swam upon him another great prospective. He saw Christ in light, Buddha in light. The glorified—the unified. *Union*." It is a story of "The Forty-Five" and turns on two lairds' rivalry in love, their enmity and subsequent reconciliation. It is written with the author's usual descriptive and narrative power.—Mary E. Waller's "Out of the Silences" (Little, Brown, \$1.50) has its scene set in present-day Western Canada and follows the fortunes of Bob Collamore from his boyhood with William Plunkett, a saddle-maker, and the Cree Indians up to his wooing of Alison Doane and his marching off to the war. There is good character-drawing in the story and vivid descriptions of wild-life on the border.

"The Spinners" (Macmillan, \$1.60), by Eden Phillpotts, is a new variation of the old theme of woman stooping to folly and man's betrayal, with a ruthless train of scandal, suffering, sorrow and murder. The book begins in hatred and ends in hatred, and the shadow of youthful moral aberration is on every page.—Louis Dodge's "A Runaway Woman" (Scribner, \$1.50) is a moderately interesting story of a wife who is tired of the sordidness of her married life and longs for a fanciful sort of happiness to be derived out of life in the open, amid constantly changing scenes, always with complete independence. Accordingly she runs away and becomes a dignified sort of tramp. She meets a kindred spirit and her innate sense of right keeps her unspoiled in the midst of a series of disillusioning adventures.—"Richard Baldock" (Dodd, Mead, \$1.50) is the first American edition of a very good story in Archibald Marshall's best style. As usual with the author, it is a character study set in beautiful, peaceful English surroundings, in which the course of a boy's development to mental and moral maturity is traced with a sure and practised hand. It is a tribute to Mr. Marshall's skill that he should have been able to weave so much of the weighing of motives into a novel without impairing its interest. The sharp definition of character is quite up to his own high standard, and it is a relief to find a novel in which the love element, while present, is not exaggerated. Mr. Marshall is unquestionably one of the most wholesome as well as one of the most skilful of the novelists of today, and "Richard Baldock" ranks among his best work.—"Everyman's Land" (Doubleday, \$1.40), the latest novel of the industrious C. N. and A. M. Williamson, interweaves Mary O'Malley's slender romance with a vast quantity of guide-book information about the towns and villages in the French war-zone.

The second number of the new *Illinois Catholic Historical Review* maintains the high standard of excellence set by the first. Father Garraghan has an interesting paper on "Early Catholicity in Chicago" in which he tells of Father St. Cyr's labors beginning in 1833, among the Potowotomi Indians; Mother St. Charles writes a letter recalling how Sister St. Martha, an Ursuline who entered the New Orleans novitiate in 1749, was "The First American-Born Nun"; William J. Onahan reviews sixty-four years of "Catholic Progress in Chicago"; Joseph J. Thompson has good articles on "The Illinois

Missions" and "Illinois' First Citizen, Pierre G. Bault"; and Father Rothensteiner edits the Rev. B. Roux's "Documents About Kaskaskia, Illinois." The *Catholic Historical Review*'s current number is very readable too. Dr. Henry reviews McMaster's recent biography of Stephen Girard and reaches the conclusion that the founder of Girard College, owing to his defective education in his religion and to his opinionated character, "did not realize the full meaning of his exclusion of clergymen" from his orphanage and he passes a lenient judgment on the religious aberrations of Stephen Girard. James A. Robertson contributes an important paper on "The Aglipay Schism in the Philippine Islands," and Bishop Hopkins chronicles the progress of "The Catholic Church in British Honduras."

It is impossible to deny the power and the vigor of some of the pages of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (Dutton, \$1.90), which Miss Charlotte Brewster Jordan has translated from the Spanish of the well-known Vicente Blasco Ibañez. The story has been acclaimed as one of the three or four outstanding novels of the war, but it lacks pathos and it lacks God. If the latter is allowed a place in the book at all, He seems to appear as an unwelcome visitor. The men have little to do with Him and He is left as a refuge for mourning and weeping women, and is rather mocked at because He listens to French and German mothers. The "Four Horsemen" are Conquest, Death, Famine and War, whose wild ride is graphically described. The tale centers around Marguerite Laurier, an erring wife just on the point of obtaining a divorce from the husband she has betrayed and the young Franco-Argentine Julio Desnoyers, with whom she is at first willing to cast her lot. The great war breaks out. Its stern lessons and the heroism of the husband she was willing to desert, but whom she nurses back to health, win Marguerite to her duty, while Julio Desnoyers dies on the battlefield fighting for France. The Spanish novelist has written fine episodes, but seldom touches the depths of the soul because he nowhere goes to the root-principles that inspire great sacrifices. He is not free from occasional coarseness.

The vogue that W. H. Hudson's writings are now enjoying is the occasion of two more of his books being published in this country. "Far and Away and Long Ago, a History of My Early Life" (Dutton, \$2.50) is the biography of an English lad who was brought up among the gauchos of Argentina. He tells his grown-up readers how he discovered that he was an animist, and from his study of nature lost what little faith he had in Christianity and the immortality of the soul. The author gives beautiful descriptions of the wild-life of the pampas and vivid pictures of his father's Spanish neighbors. Apparently the chief schooling the boy received was from an irascible unbeliever and from a vagrant Irish priest. But his most successful teachers were the birds, beasts and snakes which he learned to know so well.—"A Little Boy Lost" (Knopf, \$1.50) is a sort of fairy story Mr. Hudson wrote for children. He weaves into the book his early impressions of South America and some of his adventures there. From a literary point of view the volume is far above the average book for children.

One without any previous practical experience in shirring, basting and cutting on the bias, might hesitate to give his opinion of Mary Jane Rhoe's "The Dress You Wear and How to Make It" (Putnam, \$1.50). It may be said, however, that the volume seems to contain nothing contrary to faith or morals, the latter a question rather closely connected with modern dress, and Mr. Frank H. Arnold remarks that "the text is very practical and helpful."—In the eleven chapters that make up the new revised edition of Mrs. C. S. Peel's "eat-less-meat" book, entitled "War-Ration Cookery" (Lane, \$1.25), there are nearly 300 re-

cipes that the housekeeper who is now trying to keep the table supplied with nourishing but economic dishes will no doubt be glad to have at hand.—A similar book but planned on a much larger scale is Thetta Quay Franks' "Daily Menus for War Service" (Putnam, \$5.00). The author arranges three economical menus for each meal every day of the year, but she lets us all have turkey on Christmas. Wide pages leave blanks for the recording of the housekeeper's purchases of groceries. There is a preface full of information about calories, etc.

A recent volume that is very interesting and stimulating as well as learned is "American Negro Slavery" (Appleton, \$3.00), by Ulrich Bonnell Phillips, Ph.D. Not of the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" school, the author finds that slavery, even in the far South, was not wholly an abomination. Dr. Bonnell's reference to John Ury, of the eighteenth-century "negro plot" in New York, as "a Catholic priest," seems an error. Evidence gathered by William Harper Zennett in his "Catholic Footsteps in Old New York" indicates that Ury was "a harmless, inoffensive old schoolmaster," evidently deranged on the subject of religion, while John Gilmary Shea writes of him: "The law passed against the Catholic priests was only once enforced, and then to bring to death a Protestant clergyman."—"Our Debt to the Red Man" (Boston: The Stratford Co., \$1.50), by Louise Seymour Houghton, is an able plea for the better understanding of the Indian in general. The author has narrowed her subject to the much abused "half-breed" of French and Indian mixture. Far from combining in his character all the vices of both races, we see him as a noble and gifted citizen, an ornament today of agriculture, industry, law, medicine, art and religion. It is, however, to his ancestors who settled the Middle West that we owe our greatest debt of gratitude. The lives of such "Metis" as Langlade, the father of Wisconsin, and Le Clare, who founded Davenport, Iowa, give us food for thought. Mrs. Houghton shows good historical sense in pointing out the reason for French success and English failure with the Indians by contrasting the missionary spirit of the former with the sanctimonious savagery of the Puritans, as exemplified in Increase Mather. The book, though necessarily something of a catalogue in arrangement, shows breadth of vision, intelligence and exhaustive research.—"Personal Experiences Among Our North American Indians," by W. Thornton Parker, M. D. (Northampton, Mass.), is a somewhat disordered supplement to a larger work bearing the same title. Examples of Indian Prussianism abound, to lend point to remarks on the Government's financial indifference towards the heroes of the frontier, "The Indian War Veterans." The Catholic reader will be surprised to learn that penances as practised in the Church "are all manifestations of the same spirit which has animated our American Indians for centuries," a kind of endurance test.

Rudyard Kipling's "The Eyes of Asia" (Doubleday, \$1.00) and Lord Dunsany's "Tales of War" (Doubleday, \$1.25), two slender books by notable writers, no doubt will interest most readers. The first contains four letters supposed to be written home to friends or relatives in India by Sikh soldiers who are fighting in France. The correspondents give amusing descriptions in Oriental language of the marvels they have seen in embattled Europe and they offer those at home a great deal of advice about adopting western customs. This is the way Ahmed describes the French Sisters:

There are holy women in this country, dressed in black who wear horns of white cloth on their heads. They too are without any sort of fear of death from falling shells. I am acquainted with one such who commands me to carry vegetables from the market to the house which they inhabit. It is filled with the fatherless. She is very old, very high-born and of irascible temper. All men call her mother. The Colonel himself salutes her.

The thirty-two tales that make up the other book, the author of which as captain of the Fifth Inniskilling Fusiliers has seen war in all its phases, are vivid little vignettes descriptive of scenes and episodes at the front, the sketch called "The Prayer of the Men of Daleswood" being among the best. The account of what the Kaiser "Lost" that day he entered Cologne Cathedral is very striking, and "Memories" describes the atavistic heart-stirrings of an Irishman fighting in Flanders.

"Earth's First Man," by Very Rev. W. R. Harris, D.D., LL.D., a pamphlet reprinted from the Archaeological Report, 1917, of the Province of Ontario, Canada, is refreshing reading. Purveyors of evolutionistic as of other iconoclastic doctrines frequently have an unjustifiable monopoly of Government scientific publications. Consequently the Very Rev. Dean Wm. R. Harris of Toronto, Canada, finding the Annual Archaeological Report of the Province of Ontario opening its pages to articles impugning the commonly accepted and Christian views of Primitive Man and his origin, has undertaken in the pages of the same publication for the years 1916 and 1917 to combat the pretensions of those who on the slight evidence of the Piltdown skull, etc., endeavor to prove the evolutionistic origin of man. The article of the 1917 Report, "Earth's First Man," has been reprinted in pamphlet form; it shows with trenchant logic and abundant quotation from hostile sources not only the insufficiency of the so-called scientific argument for man's development upwards from the brute, but also that, without Divine Revelation, man's trend is actually downwards to barbarism.

In "Syria and the Holy Land" (Doran, \$0.50), the Very Rev. Sir George Adam Smith gives a brief account of the history and topography of Syria and the Holy Land, and then arraigns the Turk for his economic neglect and fiscal oppression of that country. Among the duties of the government that is to succeed the Turk, Dr. Smith enumerates and discusses the recovery of the soil, the security and freedom of the native population, the claims of scattered Israel for a home in this land, and the development of industries and commercial opportunities. Add to these the archeological responsibilities of the new government and the religious problems that must be met and settled. —"Armenia and the War—An Armenian's Point of View, with an Appeal to Britain and the Coming Peace Conference" (Doran, \$1.00), by A. P. Hocabian, is not just a recital of suffering, but a clear indictment of the tyrants who for years have caused that suffering, and a vigorous statement of Armenia's claim for retribution and a place in the sun. The concluding appeal is especially forceful, answers objections and leaves strong the conviction that Turkish rule should be stopped. Moderation in every respect characterizes the work.

This "Prayer for St. Innocent's Day" is one of the lyrics in Mrs. Helen Parry Eden's lately published poems, "Coal and Candlelight" (Lane, \$1.25).

Wisdom, be Thou  
The only garland of my burdened brow,  
The nearest stage  
And vowed conclusion of my pilgrimage,  
Shade whence I shun  
The untempered supervision of the sun,  
Planet whose beams  
Dispel the desperate ambuscade of dreams;  
Through the Red Sea  
Of mine own passion, Wisdom, usher me.  
For this I pray  
The four austere custodians of today,  
Urge mine intent—  
Nazarius, Celsus, Victor, Innocent.

## EDUCATION

### Imitable Aspects of Military Discipline

**I**N a recent article I remarked that discipline in a school possessing a unit of the Students' Army Training Corps was radically different from the discipline that prevailed in the same school a year ago. While admitting that military discipline in time of peace would not be desirable, I inquired whether the lessons of this year might not prove at least suggestive; whether we might not, by a prudent imitation of certain army methods, establish ourselves in a position where we should be less affected in our action by the whims, the sloth, and the instability of our pupils.

Law in the army is constant and uniform. All those actions in respect of which the army judges legislation necessary have been determined, and cannot be altered at will. The law applies to every man, equally, at all times, and in every part of the land. The soldier, whether at drill or on parade, whether at mess or in the barracks, whether working, studying or playing, has certain regulations that he must observe. He cannot gain any appreciable amount of freedom by being transferred to another company, regiment or division. One commanding officer may be more lenient than another, but his leniency can never go so far that discipline is affected in essentials. The army gets what it wants.

### UNIFORMITY OF METHODS

**I**N the school, on the contrary, the pupil can escape almost any irksome or disagreeable situation by transferring to another institution, class, or course of study. Principals differ and instructors differ. Regulations change or are interpreted in a fundamentally different way. A recalcitrant pupil is generally the product of two factors: dissatisfaction with a condition, and the knowledge that the condition is not inevitable. Our classes are perpetually telling us what was done in other years, or what parallel classes are doing at the present time. Our own inconsistencies have taught them never to give up the search for a possible loophole. Years of consistency should rather have taught them to accept our rulings as final.

When a man gives up hope of winning something without which life is intolerable he falls into despair, but when he gives up hope of having his caprice gratified he merely becomes a reasonable and a contented human being. There is a certain spirit in the school of encouraging pupils to hope for a modification of rulings that bear on essentials. Without being arbitrary, we ought to put more military definiteness and finality into our administration. If the nation, if the State, if the municipality, and above all, if the individual school, is unable to determine on the minimum essentials in attendance, punctuality, the observance of school regulations, the number, form and length of written exercises, and the quantity and quality of matter to be covered, it is we who are to blame for the state of unrest and dissatisfaction in which pupils live. That we have been unable to come to any such agreement is a patent historical fact. Professor Paul H. Hanus, of Harvard, wrote in 1913:

I maintained, at that time (in 1902), that neither the organization of educational theory nor the organization of educational experience was attempted by any of us "educators" in any comprehensive or satisfactory fashion; that every superintendent was a law unto himself in these matters; and that because individual opinion and unappraised individual experience determined educational procedure, and these could be successfully ignored or opposed by other superintendents or by laymen, the guidance we needed for steady progress in education was lacking. . . . The propositions put before you at that time are still sound. . . . We are now asking the same question we asked then, only more insistently.

### UNITY IN AUTHORITY

**A** SECOND imitable feature of military authority is that it is monarchical. We do not find in the army two or more men possessing equal jurisdiction over the same subordinates. There is a gradation of authority, but there is no conflict.

In the world of the school the principal conflict of authority is between the parent and the teacher. The home and the school are at present two distinct organizations, with very little common interest and with a very poor mutual understanding. Parents do not support our authority; if anything, they form a combination with the child to subvert it.

We register our pupils and take pains to secure the essential data concerning them. To my mind, the more important thing is to register the parents. We ought to instruct them in their obligations to the school and hold them accountable for their failure to cooperate. We should conduct a campaign of education for parents. The school is the largest, the most important, and the most expensive of all civic activities. Next to the church, it is the one that bears most directly on the welfare of the nation. It does more for the family than does any other enterprise; and yet it has never dared, or cared, to demand of the family what it needs for success.

There is also in many cases a division of authority in the school itself. At least, there has been enough to teach pupils never to despair of finding someone able and willing to rescind an order. At a recent faculty meeting I attended a decision was taken that promised to meet with opposition from the students. The dean prudently remarked that every officer and professor, when answering inquiries about the matter, ought not only to say the same thing, but to say it forcibly and in the same words. A few days later a regularly appointed student committee approached me on the matter. They had my answer; and as they moved away I overheard one of them say: "Let's ask everyone in the school until we find someone who says we can do it."

The army has its "army regulations." If we had our "school regulations" we might hope to enjoy some of the army's authority, shorn of course of such strictly military features as might be undesirable in civil life. In several States an approach has been made towards uniform school regulations and a uniform enforcement. The step that remains to be taken is to come to a better agreement concerning our professional work, so that these enactments may be extended to cover a greater number of questions, may be accepted by all without reluctance, and may be applied in a constant and uniform manner.

#### REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS

**F**INALLY, the army has its system of rewards and punishments. The most silly, the most fatal thing we have done was to let sentiment banish efficacious punishments, and an unintelligible combination of ethics and psychology bring discredit upon the desire of reward as a motive. Our success in the present war, both in the field and at home, depended very largely upon the elaborate system of medals, badges, buttons, placards and emblems that we have built up. We give prizes to the best riveter, to the best marksman, and even to the best general. Yes, our generals themselves like the decorations they receive, until they have received so many that one more does not count. And the men who write the books in which the prize system is denounced would not be where they are today if they had not set out to win a prize themselves—the prize of honor, of fame, of a position of dignity and influence.

Well, let them have their way about it. But let them remember this: The high schools of our land seriously desire that every student who studies Latin should know his Latin etymology. We spend four years trying to teach it; and not one graduate in twenty-five could give us, on his graduation night, the entire active and passive of the four conjugations without a slip. It is not that the task of learning the verb was too difficult. Three months would have been amply sufficient for it. The trouble is that with all our theorizing we do not command the obedience and submission we need.

What wonderful work the school could do if pupils habitually made an earnest effort to execute every order given. If the

Students' Army Training Corps makes us realize that we must have more uniformity of method, more unity of authority, and a more telling sanction for the law, it will cause the greatest and most healthful revolution that ever took place in the field of pedagogy.

AUSTIN G. SCHMIDT, S. J.

#### SOCIOLOGY

##### Substitutes for Home

**T**HESE are the last days of the saloon. The question as to what shall be substituted was agitated at a recent conference of Y. M. C. A. officers. The Chairman of the "Commission on Ungrasped and Undeveloped Opportunities Among Industrial Workers," said in this discussion:

If the social needs now provided for by the saloon are to be met, places must be opened that will afford former patrons of the saloons more of the features that appealed to them in the saloon. . . . Such a substitute for the saloon should make possible some or all of the following: Democratic conditions, low costs, rooms, refreshments, privileges adapted to the economic level of the men, recreation, billiards, bowling, etc., creature comforts, sociability, congenial atmosphere, intellectual stimulus, freedom of discussion, employment features, the kind of contacts that will develop the Christian character.

There is a great unexplored land waiting for the incursions of a Commission with such an objective. This chairman, though, is treading a main-traveled road, whose environments present evidences of extraordinary development. Every foot of the way is bordered with great acres of magnificent parks, miles of excellently equipped bathing beaches, enormous municipal and private structures housing great concert auditoriums, dancing pavilions and restaurants, residences of athletic, fraternal and social bodies, theaters unending, neighborhood and parish clubs, social centers, community houses, amusement parks with their maddening assortment of death-daring rides and wild gyrations, natatoriums, gymnasiums, athletic fields, skating rinks, bowling and billiard halls, boating ponds, free libraries, art institutes and museums of every sort.

#### THE MULTITUDE AT HAND

**A**LL these lie along the path and all render to man, no matter what his station in life, one or more of the services, each according to its particular adaptation, which the chairman would center in that new institution he purposed to substitute for the saloon. What he would do is merely to add to the existing social agencies. Analyzed, the institutions above mentioned are all, in some degree, substitutes for the saloons, and provide every possible creature comforts, entertainment and intellectual stimulus. But going a bit farther in our analysis, we face the fact that, ultimately all these agencies are in a greater or smaller degree, substitutes for the home.

No sane man would disparage adequate opportunities for innocent amusement and recreation, for sound entertainment and instruction for the populace. Today the city dweller, from common laborer to corporation chief, has for his leisure hours all the possibilities for enjoyment that a laird's estate could offer—and many more. But when the poor man has tasted of these pleasures to the extent that his purse will permit, he must return to the filth and squalor of his tenement hovel. Chicago two years ago spent approximately \$3,500,000 for a municipal pier which, except for the recreational services it renders to the city, and now for the housing of enlisted men, is purely ornamental; but the Chicago slums in the past ten years have become, if anything, a greater horror. Had Chicago spent an amount equal to the cost of that pier in an effort to provide decent housing conditions in the congested areas, there would be less cause for complaint. And the cost of that municipal pier represents an insignificant portion of the annual national expenditure to augment and elaborate our facilities for amusement and recreation.

## THE TENEMENT AND THE HOME

NATURALLY, the popular demand for such agencies for entertainment always outstrips those ready to meet it. This is because the road of pleasure is a steep decline, in more respects than one. The homes of a certain per cent of the population of our cities are actually uninhabitable; and of a far larger per cent repellent. Thousands pour nightly out of the darkness that mercifully shrouds our shameful tenement neighborhoods, into the brilliantly lighted thoroughfares, where are marshaled the endless array of institutions catering to the pleasure-seeking mob.

Tomorrow you will find these same people at lathe and lever, behind shop-counter and factory-bench, waiting wearily for the whistle or bell that will release them. But to what are they released? To go to their homes, the two or three rooms where are crowded the half-dozen and more of the family, where the air is fetid from the fumes of the washing and cooking of the twenty families that crowd the building, where the few windows look out only on narrow, filthy streets or on the walls of other tenements, where there is no comfortable chair in which to rest and only the corner of a bed for sleep, where the racket of the surging life of the neighborhood keeps up until long past midnight, where every hour is haunted by the spirits of restlessness and impatience.

But leave this section, and go into the residential streets. Mile upon mile of homes you will find, from palatial mansions that occupy an entire block, down to cottages, misnamed bungalows, each on its twenty-five or thirty-foot lot. Your walk will be a delight. You will catch a hundred glimpses of happy family life. Where shades have not been drawn, you will find the family gathered about a reading lamp which throws its soft, inviting beams out even into the street; or there will be a chatting group seated about the room. If it is not too late, merry children's voices will ring out through an open window. Then there will be the music of piano or violin, a human voice in song, and orchestral chords from a phonograph. Here are the homes of the city. Here are the families whose hearts are centered in their homes. Here are the fathers who, if they ever cast an impatient eye toward the office clock do so only because of yearning for the hours of contentment they know are awaiting them at home. Here are the mothers, whose only complaint is that the hours of the day are not long enough for the cooking and baking, the mending and sewing, that a growing family requires. Here are the children who have their romp in streets secure from lumbering auto-trucks, and on rainy days have attics and basements for the proper play essential to their development. Such homes stretch mile upon mile around the outskirts of our great cities. Study these neighborhoods and the little business centers that are distributed about them, and very frequently you will note one fact. The saloon has been eliminated, more frequently has never existed, merely because there is no demand for it.

## WHERE HOME IS ALL

BUT what are the substitutes for it? Very few, indeed. You will find movie-theaters, but these are small and located only at half-mile intervals, or greater. But two things will attract your attention. Everywhere there are magazine-stands offering the widest choice in current literature, and much that is out of the fiction class, and there are libraries, private and public, whose shelves show many gaps and whose books show constant wear. But these people, are they not normal; do they not seek the pleasures of life? Yes, some few go each night into the heart of the city, with its thousand offerings of the sort. But these are occasions in each family, planned long before, remembered long after. They know that the pleasures of life are twofold, of gold and silver. The gold the pleasures that flow from happy family life, from the company of men and books and

music; these they seek, mainly in their homes. Of the silver pleasures, found in skating-rinks, dancing-pavilions, billiard-parlors and what not, these are touched, but with moderation and with careful choosing, with no inclination to sacrifice the worthier for them.

These, if any, are the people who are leading normal lives, people in whose hearts the inborn love for the roof that shelters is not stunted and repelled. They are the folks who need no substitutes for anything, whether it be for home or for saloon. They have the only real social institution which affords creature comforts, sociability, congenial atmosphere, intellectual stimulus and the contacts that develop Christian character. Now that the saloon is passing, that there will be seeming void in the rank of the agencies catering to man's craving for happiness, why not consider substituting the home? Instead of fresh millions spent on municipal piers and theaters, dancing-pavilions and billiard-parlors, spend just that same amount in making the homes of the city places which do not drive their inmates out in the dangers of the night.

L. F. HAPPEL, M.A.

## NOTE AND COMMENT

## The Pope and a Persecuted Archbishop

DESPITE his many and great cares the Holy Father finds time to extend sympathy to persecuted people in all parts of the world. His latest act of beneficence was in favor of Archbishop Orozco, who was first treated savagely by the Mexican revolutionists and then driven from the country under most humiliating circumstances. The Pope on hearing of the outrages caused this consoling cable to be sent to the venerable prelate:

Your letter to Mgr. Cerretti received. The Holy Father having learned with great sorrow of the grave offenses against you, protests against the responsible authors thereof and congratulates your Grace on the strength of soul which you manifested. He exhorts you to confide the final outcome to the Divine Will.

These words, no doubt, brought consolation to the heart of the afflicted prelate who has the further joy of knowing that his courage and constancy in suffering have proved a source of strength to thousands of travelers on the rugged way of life.

In a K. of C. Hut  
at the Front

THE following interesting letter from Lieutenant Leo D. Sheridan, of Macon, Ga., describes the impressive scene of a body of Catholic soldiers going to Confession, Mass and Communion before entering into action:

The K. of C. Secretary sent down word that Mass would be celebrated at the K. of C. shack at nine-thirty. I immediately formed our company and read this notice and gave all permission to attend. This was also done in the three companies. There is another lieutenant in my company, named Nicholson, who is also a Catholic; he is from New York and is a splendid fellow. He has been with our company about one month. We at once decided to attend Mass and hurried through the woods to the K. of C. hut. Upon arriving there we found about 300 or more soldiers gathered around. It was raining but this did not keep the men from kneeling in the mud. Finally, the priest arrived and the men began going to Confession. After hearing confessions, Mass began, and I honestly believe every soldier, including myself, went to Communion. I shall never forget the sight as long as I live and I am sorry I can't give a better description. There we were, in the thick woods with rain falling, and men on their knees in mud. Overhead and sometimes striking near were artillery shells; overhead aeroplanes would buzz and we could hear them signaling to each other; you could hear shells whistling by, bound for the German trenches and I am sure God was looking down on these devout soldiers. I would have given anything in

the world to have taken a picture of this wonderful assembly, but it is imprinted indelibly on my mind and I never will forget the scene.

The Knights of Columbus, he adds, are doing excellent work. "The closer to the front you go the more of them you find."

#### Earthquakes in Porto Rico Destroy Churches

A SERIES of terrible earthquake shocks recently caused serious loss to the churches in Porto Rico. The following description is taken from a letter written from Santurce:

The series of earthquake shocks, beginning October 11, have not entirely ceased at the present writing (November 11), although the severe shock of October 24 has not been repeated. Great damage has been done to property. The city of Mayaguez is in ruins, while Aquadella, Aucasco, Ponce and various others suffered very much. Nearly all the churches of the Island in the line of the shocks have been closed, either because of their ruinous condition or because they are a menace to safety. Comparatively few lives were lost. An account of the manner, little short of miraculous, in which many of the little children escaped would fill a few pages of print. The Island of Mona, just off the coast, near the former site of Mayaguez, has been rising from the water. Hence conjectures are rife as to the connection between these events. No one knows anything regarding the causes of the earthquake or of the repetitions of the shocks. We had intense heat two weeks before October 11 and much rain, even for the tropics. Two further shocks were reported since last night, but were felt by few.

The priests of the island, the writer notes, have been working more zealously than ever. Many careless consciences have been aroused by these events. Processions are held and public prayers offered up in many places.

#### An Italian Priest's Heroism

M R. D. THOMAS CURTIN in his recent war-book, "The Edge of the Quicksands," thus describes the heroic death a priest bravely met while Padua was being bombarded from the sky:

I moved on to where a building just opposite the church had been hit so that the back had crumbled in completely, while the front seemed ready to fall if a good-sized splinter were pulled out from one of the prop beams. Beneath the wreckage a man was pinned, face downward, the weight on his legs and spine. The agony which he suffered almost drove him mad and his shrieks cut me like saws and knives. A fireman was about to attempt to crawl through to him with a glass of water, when a priest came across from the church, took the glass of water, explained that he was going to crawl through to give the last rites to the doomed man, and turned majestically with a motion for the few onlookers to step back, which we did, until the sparks from the crackling dome fell upon us. We watched the priest crawl amid the wreckage until he could extend the water to the lips of the sufferer, then we saw him hold up a crucifix. We saw no more. There was a grinding crash, the building toppled and became the tomb of the priest and the man for whom he had risked his life.

It is, of course, "all in the day's work" for the Catholic priest in the discharge of his sacred duties to take such risks as the foregoing. If all the similar acts of heroism he has performed during the four dreadful years of the present war were known and published, the account would be a splendid record of courage and devotion.

#### The Hobo Service Flag

J EFF DAVIS, hobo king, insists that the Bowery is the proper place to hang out the hobo service flag. The membership of the Itinerant Workers' Union of America numbers

500,000, according to his estimate, with over 30,000 in the country's service. The name "hobo," he repeats for the information of those not yet familiar with its etymology, is derived from *homo bonus*, meaning "good man." "That's the hobo." He therefore indignantly repudiates the assumption of the radical millionaire hobo, J. Eads How, that he has any rights to speak for the Itinerant Workers' Union:

J. Eads How said a while ago that the hoboes didn't believe in the war. How does he know? He calls himself the millionaire hobo, but take it from me, he never hoboed in his life, which leaves him only a millionaire, in addition to being, as he says, a philosophical anarchist, whatever that is. The hoboes are down on this sob stuff. How never represented them. They're men enough to represent themselves.

Many of the itinerant workers have given their life in this war, and their number will probably never be known. One golden star in their service flag, says Jeff Davis, will suffice to remind America of the debt that it owes to them. That debt can be paid in no better way than by carefully providing for the religious and economic welfare of these men when the war has been concluded.

#### Translations from the Classics

D ISCUSSING the cultural value of classical studies in the *Creighton Chronicle*, the Rev. J. F. Bergin, S.J., incidentally refers to the impossibility of substituting translations for the original classics:

Nothing fine in literature, whether of ancient or modern date, is susceptible of translation. This is an accepted canon of literary criticism. If any one is inclined to doubt it let him read Matthew Arnold's famous essay "On translating Homer"; or, better still, let him try his favorite passage of Shakespeare in French or German. As we smile at Schiller's Shakespeare, as the Italian smiles at Carey's Dante, so the shades of the ancients, if they read English in Elysium, must be smiling even at such superb literary work as Andrew Lang's *Theocritus*, or Jebb's *Sophocles*, or Jowett's *Plato*, or Dryden's *Virgil*, or Chapman's *Homer*. Tennyson once exclaimed: "How absurd 'Ring out, wild bells' sounds in the translation, 'Sonnez, Cloches, sonnez,' and what a ridiculous rendering of 'He cometh not, she said,' is 'Tom ne vient pas.'" The difference between a great master as he speaks for himself and as he is reported by another is the difference between Tetrazini in the flesh and Tetrazini on a Victrola.

No substitute can be found for the ancient authors in modern translations.

#### A Distinguished Spanish-American Historian and Scientist

S OME years ago a well-known professor of the University of Pennsylvania, on returning from a diplomatic mission to our Latin neighbors, remarked that it was high time for us to discover South America. The injunction seems to have been taken to heart by at least some of our American scholars. Thus a recent number of the *American Anthropologist*, the organ of the American Anthropological Association, the Anthropological Society of Washington and the American Ethnological Society of New York, contains an excellent article on Frederico Gonzalez Suarez, the "father of Ecuadorian archeology," who died December 1, 1917, as Archbishop of Quito. The article testifies that:

In the death of the distinguished Archbishop, Ecuador has lost one of her greatest sons and Latin America one of her most brilliant men of letters. . . . We do not hesitate to place his history, as a product of Latin-American genius and acumen, beside the history of the Mexican, Orozco y Berra, who was one of the most gifted historians of either North or South America.

Archbishop Suarez received his training in the schools of the Society of Jesus, and very early in his ecclesiastical career showed his predilection for historical research. He became interested in the antiquities of Ecuador, and at the age of forty, after completing a volume of an ecclesiastical history of Ecuador, set himself the task of writing a general history of the Republic. For this purpose he traveled to Europe, where he worked for three years in the archives and libraries of Spain and Portugal. He examined more than 200 volumes in the library of the Royal Academy of History in Madrid and more than 100 bundles of manuscript in the Archives of the Indies in Seville. Before his history had been entirely written the Pope created him Bishop of Ibarra. In 1906 he was raised to the archbishopric of Quito. Besides his great historical work he wrote a treatise on the aborigines of that region, and ever and again found time, amid his arduous episcopal labors, to turn to his favorite study. A little before his death he was still gathering the fruits of his latest lectures and studies to publish them as "advice to the youth who were following in his footsteps." The position of the Church in South America and its relations to scholarship and education are so often misrepresented that this sketch of the successful anthropological, ethnological and historical work of a great Spanish-American Archbishop, appearing in the organ of some of the most prominent of our scientific societies, should receive wide comment in the American Catholic press.

#### How War Profits Have Mounted

**H**OW the war profits of the American manufacturers have been steadily rising may be seen from the following figures presented by Congressman Kitchin and recently published in the *Congressional Record*:

In the pre-war years 1911, 1912 and 1913 the average net income of the corporations of this country was \$4,122,000,000. In 1915 it was \$5,310,000,000, an increase of over \$1,000,000,000. After paying their taxes they had over \$1,000,000,000 clear net profit more than the pre-war year average. In 1916 they had \$8,765,000,000 of net income, over \$4,500,000,000 more than in the pre-war years. After paying all their income taxes and all other taxes they had clear net over 100 per cent more than they had during the pre-war period.

In 1917, according to treasury estimates upon the returns so far tabulated, the net income will reach \$10,500,000,000, about \$6,500,000,000 more than in the pre-war period. After paying all the taxes of that year they then have over 100 per cent more than the pre-war profits.

It is interesting to read, side by side with this account, another Government report which shows that during the last five years the general increase in the price of all food combined has been sixty-nine per cent. This strikingly illustrates the different effects the war has had on the consumer and on the profiteer.

#### A Debt Repaid to France

**C**HARLES M. BUCHANAN, Superintendent of the Tulalip Indian Agency, tells in the *Washington Historical Quarterly* of the "Evolution of an Indian Hero in France." His story links together the names of the great French Oblate missionary, Eugene Casimir Chirouse, who labored for forty-two years among the Indians of our great Northwest, and of an Indian lad, Eli George, who recently laid down his life in France:

Sixty years before a young French boy had heard the Macedonian cry of the Northwest Indian and had crossed the ocean and continent, half-way round the world, to serve those who cried aloud for help and consolation. He gave his life in such service, and his hallowed dust is mingled with

that of our great Northwest. He came to succor the people of Eli and to lay down his life for them. Now the fair land of France, the land of Father Chirouse, war-worn and weary, torn and bloody, sends a call across the ocean for succor and support. The young Indian lad Eli heard that call and recognized it, as blood calls to blood. He enrolled under the Stars and Stripes, sought service and sacrifice in France, and served honorably and well. Having done, not his bit, but his best, he laid down his life in bloody, war-torn France on Christmas Day last, the very birthday of the very Prince of Peace Himself. Eli thus requited, by service and sacrifice even unto death, the supreme debt of his people. His dust is now a portion of France. In Chaumont he slumbers. In America Father Chirouse slumbers. Half a world intervenes between the two.

Eli was a descendant of the famous Chief Se-at-th, who was born shortly after the war of the Revolution, and for whose race and tribe Father Chirouse had left his native France.

#### The Pious Builders of Chartres Cathedral

**A**MERICANS in France who may have an opportunity before the war is over to see Chartres Cathedral will better understand the spirit that animated the builders of that noble shrine of Our Lady if they are familiar with the letter Abbot Haimon wrote in the year 1145 to describe how the Cathedral was begun. He says:

Who has ever seen! Who has ever heard at all, in times past, that powerful princes of the world, that men brought up in honor and in wealth, that nobles, men and women, have bent their proud and haughty necks to the harness of carts, and that, like beasts of burden, they have dragged to the abode of Christ these wagons, loaded with wines, grains, oil, stone, wood, and all that is necessary for the wants of life, or for the construction of the church? But while they draw these burdens, there is one thing admirable to observe; it is that often when a thousand persons and more are attached to the chariots—so great is the difficulty—yet they march in such silence that not a murmur is heard, and truly if one did not see the thing with one's eyes, one might believe that among such a multitude there was hardly a person present. When they halt on the road, nothing is heard but the voice of the priests who exhort their hearts to peace, they forget all hatred, discord is thrown far aside, debts are remitted, the unity of hearts is established. But if one is so far advanced in evil as to be unwilling to pardon an offender, or if he rejects the counsel of the priest who has piously advised him, his offering is instantly thrown from the wagon as impure, and he himself ignominiously and shamefully excluded from the society of the holy. There one sees the priests who preside over each chariot exhort every one to penitence, to confession of faults, to the resolution of a better life! There one sees old people, young people, little children, calling on the Lord with a suppliant voice, uttering to Him, from the depth of the heart, sobs and sighs with words of glory and praise! After the people, warned by the sound of trumpets and the sight of banners, have resumed their road, the march is made with such ease that no obstacle can retard it. . . . When they have reached the church they arrange the wagons about it like a spiritual camp, and during the whole night they celebrate the watch by hymns and canticles. On each wagon they light tapers and lamps; they place there the infirm and sick, and bring them the precious relics of the Saints for their relief. Afterwards the priests and clerics close the ceremony by processions which the people follow with devout heart, imploring the clemency of the Lord and of His Blessed Mother for the recovery of the sick.

"Nine churches out of ten were dead-born after the thirteenth century," it has been said, for architecture became purely a matter of mechanism and mathematics. The reason why the great medieval Cathedrals "live" is because Our Lady directed the builders and because none of the Faithful was allowed to take part in the work unless he had been to Confession, had renounced enmities and revenges and had reconciled himself with his enemies.